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1838-1938

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ANNALS OF IOWA

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ROLAND ELLSWORTH CONKLIN
PROFESSOR OF BOTANY AND GEOLOGY
DRAKE UNIVERSITY
1907-1929

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ROLAND ELLSWORTH CONKLIN

PROFESSOR OF BOTANY AND GEOLOGY

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

1907-1929¹

BY F. I. HERRIOTT

Professor in Drake University

I applied my heart to know and to search and to seek
out wisdom and the reason of things.—Ecclesiastes VII-25.

Roland Ellsworth Conklin was a complex of various abilities and characteristics not often found together. He was a scholar and "a ripe and good one," and a scientist of the exact and rigorous sort. He possessed the sensitive nature and the discerning eye of a poet and he wielded a facile pen which could easily express delicate feelings in felicitous phrase and delineate the evanescent hues and shades of Nature's ceaseless phantasmagoria in lilting lines.

Plus all these Roland Conklin displayed a character with many facets whence flashed vari-colored lights. He was aloof and reserved with all outside his circle of intimates. He was indifferent to applause and contemptuous of disapproval of the uninformed. He preferred and coveted the silences of the cloister, or the laboratory, or the gentle murmurings of the forests and fastnesses of Nature to the claque of the theatre, or the noise of the market place or the raucous confusion in the public forum. Even with his friends he was often remote in thought, and so reticent in speech, that the stranger or the casual observer might conclude that he was discontented, incensed or repellent. Not so at all. While he was caviar to the general he won the admiration of familiars who easily became his friends. He held them fast bound when he would come out of his shell and let his genial spirit sway his tongue and illumine his serious eyes and features.

¹Various portions of the sections which follow were delivered at the funeral services of Professor Conklin in Chambersburg, Illinois, Tuesday, February 1, 1938.

I

Roland E. Conklin was born on December 16, 1860, in Chambersburg, Pike County, Illinois, where he died January 30, 1938. His parents were Roland Conklin and Harriett Winegar Conklin, emigrants from Boston, Massachusetts. He was one of four brothers and three sisters—all of whom, save one sister, survived him. He had his first schooling in Chambersburg, graduating from the high school, and going thence to Abingdon College in the Fall of 1877.²

He entered as a sub-freshmen, or “prep,” as such novitiates were called in the flippant parlance of the campus. He obtained a degree of Bachelor of Literature from Abingdon in 1883 and an A.B. degree from Eureka College in 1886. He demonstrated that he had capacity in his studies of *Belle Lettres* and the “natural” or physical sciences.

He was not of the aggressive, forward-pushing type of student; rather the reverse. He was backward and shy or diffident; but with associates in his class he was always willing to enter into the common social life of the campus in diversions, or debates, or literary or musical efforts.

At Abingdon, and particularly at Eureka, young Conklin encountered influences which were potent in his later life—influences which are always the finest facts the youth of the land derive from their college days—he came within the circuit of three fine strong characters.

One was Francis M. Bruner, President of Eureka College. He had the lore and discipline of the Universities of Germany and France. He was an exact and exacting scholar. He possessed a forceful personality that energized ambitious young collegians.

The second cluster of beneficial influences he found in the family circle of Norman Dunshee, professor of mathematics and the ancient languages—a man of notable ability as a teacher. Young Conklin was not far enough along to register in his classes, but he studied drawing and painting under his daughter, Miss Josie Dunshee, who inspired him with ideals of art and poetry which flourished in his life. In that family

²The writer is indebted to Mrs. Donald E. Conklin of Claremont, California, and to Mrs. Roland E. Conklin of Chambersburg, Illinois, for data relating to Professor Conklin's family and connections.

circle he became acquainted with the finer forms and modes of culture which stirred him, enlarged his horizon and extended the range and sweep of his aspirations.

The third beneficent influence was Henry L. Bruner, son of President Bruner, who taught him the laws of physical nature in the fields of chemistry, biology, botany, and geology. He brought to Eureka the culture and technique of Yale's Sheffield Scientific School. He was a teacher who inspired his classes with enthusiasm for his subjects. From him Roland Conklin acquired a consuming desire to know Nature and her laws and to hold

Communion with her visible forms
. . . . and various language.

Professor Conklin always frankly stated that he owed more to Henry L. Bruner, now of Butler University, for correct instruction in the physical sciences than to any teacher he ever had.³

After graduation he taught in the schools of Versailles and Kankakee as superintendent and principal. In 1887 his ability and scholarship were signalized by his call to Eureka College as Professor of Biology and Geology. In 1891 he entered Harvard University where he obtained both baccalaureate and magistral degrees in 1892-1893:—botany and geology being his major studies. He then returned to his professorial work at Eureka where he continued until 1907, when he was elected to the Chair of Botany and Geology in Drake University, which position he held until his retirement twenty-two years later (1929) as Professor Emeritus.

Somewhat of the esteem in which his scientific habits and work was held may be inferred from sundry appointments accorded him. In the summer of 1889 he was a matriculate in the Harvard Summer School of Geology of New York and New England. He was an Assistant in the United States Fish Commission Laboratory in the famous Woods Hole, Massa-

³The premises of the statements about Professor Conklin's career at Abingdon and Eureka Colleges are letters of Professor Conklin to the writer, dated at Chambersburg, Ill., Sept. 24, 1935, and published in the *Annals of Iowa*, 3rd Series, XX, 265; of Professor Henry L. Bruner of Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana, and of Miss Ada C. Scott of Des Moines, Iowa, to the writer; and interviews with Mrs. D. F. Givens and of Dr. H. A. Minassian of Des Moines—the latter student associates of Professor Conklin in Abingdon and Eureka; and Dean S. J. Harrod of Eureka College, Eureka, Illinois.

chusetts, in 1892; in the Agassiz Laboratory, Newport, Rhode Island, in 1893; in the Laboratory of the University of Washington in Puget Sound, and the Biological Laboratory of the University of Southern California at La Jolla and the Hopkins Laboratory of Leland Stanford in 1904.⁴ After he came to Drake he was offered the curatorship of one of Boston's museums, with a commission that authorized his enlarging the collections from all parts of the world.

Needless to say such appointments are not tendered to charlatans, nonentities, or second-rate men.

Professor Conklin, as has been the wont of many another within the wooded precincts of *Academia*, had but little interest in the latter-day Goddess, Publicity. He seldom broke into print. During his professorship at Eureka College he published two papers, "Mountain Studies" and "The Enjoyment of Nature."⁵ He wrote a concise, lucid, vivid narrative; and we shall see that he was an adept in effective expression in either prose or poetry. Various inquiries of associates and colleagues as to his reports or his scientific investigations or researches in which he was engaged between 1892 and 1920 have been unavailing. He was so reticent and reserved about his work; the death of Mrs. Conklin in 1912 and his much travelling between Chambersburg, Illinois, Des Moines, and California after her death probably account for the dispersion of any papers and memoranda he may have planned to preserve. He seldom attended meetings of learned associations or societies—although he was a constant reader of scientific journals and had his data at his tongue's end in class and lecture room. After a brilliant lecture in Hobb's Hall in which he held his audience in a state of wonder at the beauties and majesty of nature's ways he was asked by a friend why he did not go on the popular lecture platform. He shrugged his shoulders, and with a look of weariness said that he did not care to take the time away from his classes and studies.

There were many interesting phases of Professor Conklin's many-sided character. It may be noted in passing that few

⁴C. B. Blanchard, *History of Drake University*, p. 82.

⁵*The Pegasus*, May, 1894; March, 1900.

outside his family circle at Drake knew of his marked ability in the efficient handling of tools and in mechanical work of divers sorts. He could install or repair electric fixtures, or plumbing devices, or make concrete posts, or walks with equal facility. He was careful, exact and concerned with the aesthetic appearances as well as the mechanical efficiency of the results.

His practical efficiency was recognized by the voters of Eureka while he was a member of their college faculty. He was for several years (1901-1907) a member of its City Council and one of his colleagues thus recalls his work and reputation:

. . . . he was an influential member of the City Council for several terms. His clear head and good judgment were appreciated by his fellow Councilmen and he usually furnished the wording for motions, resolutions, etc.

He was Chairman of the Committee on Finance, the steering committee of the Council, and in that capacity directed the reorganization of the City's finances (which had previously been in a chaotic state) re-established credit, and thus made possible a new water works system, paving and other municipal improvements.

A champion of strict and vigorous law enforcement, he consistently supported and encouraged the police in their work.

Once in a discussion of a proposed ordinance he made the statement "laws should make it easier for people to do right and harder for them to do wrong." I think that was quite expressive of his political philosophy.⁶

Another facet of Professor Conklin's complex character was strikingly shown, years ago, in a troublesome lawsuit to which he found himself subjected. He was a co-signer on some notes with a number of friends on whom he relied and followed. The party who secured his signature was a dubious individual who obtained it by shady pretenses. A bank bought the notes and, when they were in default, sued the co-signers. Professor Conklin resisted payment on the ground of fraudulent representations. Before and during the trial, when on the witness stand, he seemed loath to give his attorney details. The latter was discouraged by reason of his client's attitude. When he ceased questioning him he feared an adverse verdict,

⁶Richard Dickinson to F. I. Herriott, letter dated at Eureka, Ill., January 28, 1938.

for he felt that he would be routed by the bank's attorney who had ability and skill in cross-examination. But the attorneys, the judge and jury were given a sharp surprise. Professor Conklin's air of cynical indifference, languor, and weariness suddenly vanished as soon as he perceived the drift of the questions of the plaintiff's counsel. He was wide awake, alert and instant in his rejoinders and retorts. Immediately he had things in his own hands and took charge of the bank's lawyer and worsted him in every effort he made to catch him or embarrass him, to the astonishment of the jury and the chagrin of the learned counsel. He easily won his case. The jury found that his signature had been obtained by fraud. His attorney, who knew his client for several years concludes his letter to me with an interesting observation: "Professor Conklin, wherever I observed him, seemed to try to conceal his ability, and he never tried to appear as good as he really was."

II

Professor Conklin was a thorough-going scientist. He was deeply interested in all phases of his special subjects. He was a keen observer of the endless changing phenomena of Nature; he was careful in gathering, sifting, weighing, and classifying evidence. He was relentless in following the logic and drift of facts: but he was hesitant in reaching conclusions. He was cautious in expressing his opinions on moot points; and he was considerate of dissentients. But he was fearless in statement when he was certain of his ground and confident that he had comprehended all of the basic and relevant facts needed for sound judgment.

His careful, exacting reasoning, his eagerness in his search for nature's secrets, and his instinctive dislike of those who professed impatience with the slow process of finding truth were powerful and often challenging stimulants to those who came to his class rooms as students. The vigor of the impression Professor Conklin made upon a student is suggested by an incident that occurred at a family table. This student had refrained from entering his classes for two years because

⁷Professor L. S. Forrest to F. I. Herriott, letter dated at Des Moines, Iowa, April 9, 1938.

of an antecedent adverse notion about Professor Conklin. The young man found at the end of that time, however, that he needed a course in mineralogy to support a major in chemistry, and entered Professor Conklin's class in the fall of his junior year. Some weeks later the student was sitting at dinner; he was uncommunicative; his thoughts were far away; he was absent-mindedly thrumming his plate. Suddenly he hit the table a resounding thwack that made the dishes jump and exclaimed: "That old boy knows his stuff!!" Every one of the family was startled. He was plumped with the question: "In the name of all the Saints, young man, of whom are you speaking?" He smiled somewhat ruefully and shamefacedly and replied, "Oh, Professor Conklin and his discussion in class today." The young man who thus exclaimed his appreciation is now a research chemist on the technical staff in the Rockefeller Institute in Princeton.

In conducting classes Professor Conklin presented variable phases of his interesting personality. In his manner of exposition in lectures, Professor Conklin was far from dramatic or sensational. He was no "rabble rouser." *Per contra*, he was undemonstrative. His voice was pitched low, he spoke quietly, with no ostentatious effort to attract students. He indulged in no peculiar histrionic technique, such as trying to be "magnetic" or vivacious with fling or quip with which many seekers after popularity spray their lectures. The student who entered his class with no other concern than to obtain a "required" credit, whose mind and effort were largely given to "academic atmosphere" or athletics or "social diversion" would not find his lectures interesting. But the person or student honestly seeking acquaintance with botany or geology could always enlist his instant and generous interest: he was considerate and patient in explanation.

III

Professor Conklin was enthralled by his subjects. To those who displayed a real interest in them he delighted to give him or her the best of his knowledge and generous assistance in counsel. Conferences with him in his laboratory, when uninterrupted by troublesome student problems, are especially

remembered by those who enjoyed his friendship. But he gave short shrift to the arrogant gentry who know little of science or history and shut their eyes to obvious facts or refuse to listen to careful exposition.

Those who cared for his subjects have many golden memories of his lectures, and of his informal talks in his office or in walks in park, or field, or forest. In unpredictable ways and times he would begin an account or description of some of Nature's processes in the formation of the earth's strata or of the life of birds or flowers or trees and students would find themselves a-thrill sensing the beauty of his word pictures and poetical delineation of the subtle differences in Nature's great kaleidoscope. He would hold forth in such vivid picturesque phrasing that his students would be fascinated.

A lecture delivered by him to the faculty and students of Eureka College at Assembly on the "Biography of a Boulder," in which he traced the origin of such a type of rock, its career during the glacial drifts and ice flows, and its progress from the northern regions southward into Illinois, was given in language, so pithy and vivid, that his exposition of its scientific significance enthralled his hearers. One of them still recalls his performance that morning with astonishment at his mastery of his subject and his literary skill in presentation.

One evening in the fall of 1923 I sat in the lecture room of Hobbs Hall crowded with a mixed company of students, teachers, and others. He was delivering a popular lecture on the "Formation of the Earth." It was not a subject which would ordinarily stir the imagination of the average audience. Suddenly I became aware of an astonishing stillness—I could hear birds twittering, in the trees near by. For ten minutes, it seemed to me, one could hear a pin drop. Professor Conklin, small of stature, stood in front of his audience speaking quietly, without a gesture, gazing off into space—seemingly unmindful of his hearers; his mind concerned only with the ongoing of the great cosmic forces and factors that focused in the formation of this planet of ours. His mind's eye was following the evolution of life from the mysterious energy inhering in the masses of matter which slowly became the substance of this whirling sphere of ours and of all of its

myriad forms of animated nature. He seemed to be utterly oblivious of the two hundred people in the room. It was a spectacle that, for the nonce, made me forget precisely what he was saying in such a strangely interesting fashion.

IV

In the early days of his career at Drake, Professor Conklin was often irritated and perplexed by the belligerent questionings of adherents of the historic religious dogmas as to the import of modern scientific discoveries and theories about our stellar system, the formation of the Earth, and the origin of life and its evolution into the infinite varieties we see all about us.

He especially disliked dealing with contentious dissentients in religious matters. He avoided controversy when he could: for he was keenly aware of the serious disturbance of the peace of mind of those brought up in the old-time beliefs caused by many modern scientific discoveries and theories. He was considerate in discussions and in personal conference was gracious in explanation and his effort was to allay their doubts and dread lest the foundations of life and character were being heedlessly undermined.

He accepted without reservation the Nazarene's assertion that "the truth shall make you free" and despite the confusion and contradiction of saints and scientists he was certain that man ultimately can explain all of the mysteries of life and the universe. He concurred with Tennyson's confidence:

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
the hills and the plains
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of
Him who reigns.

Professor Conklin made his students appreciate that the true scientist and lover of truth must follow the injunction of the royal Hebrew seer—"with all thy getting get understanding." For him Isaiah prescribed the correct procedure in the search for truth. "Come, now let us reason together." He ever held St. Paul's rule to be the golden maxim for life and education: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is

good." He made the earnest students of the rocks and flowers realize that

The Holy Grail is found,
Found in each Poppy's cup of gold.

V

How vivid and lasting were the impressions made by Professor Conklin's character and personality, his mannerisms and class technique upon those interested in his lectures, or those who met him in informal interviews, or in chance conversations, either in his laboratory or in walks in the park or woods may easily be inferred from the excerpts which follow. They are taken from memoranda and letters of his students. While each one refers more or less to similar traits, each gives us glimpses of different phases of the man.

One of the students in his first year at Drake (1907-08), now Associate Professor of History in Drake, Miss Ethel Mae Jones, recalls her experiences in his classes with more than ordinary pleasure. Like many another student in those days she was sorely disturbed by the effect of the modern scientific discoveries and theories of geology and biology upon the authenticity of the "Creation" story in Genesis. He dispersed her doubts and perplexities with notable success. To the writer's inquiry whether she recalled Professor Conklin's classes, she replied:

O yes, I remembered him with pleasure. What stood out most forcibly in my memory of him?

I thought a moment. I could still see Professor Conklin's discomfort when students were indifferent to the subject he was presenting and I could also see his amused smile one day as I grew excited over a tiny bit of life under the microscope. Was it a plant or was it an animal that was racing about in that drop of water? With a few pointed remarks he made a small group of us students conscious of a mind in search of the truth. We caught a glimpse of a man who loved the beauties of nature and one who was anxious to help us see and understand a bit of the wondrous universe about us, that is if we were interested. He saw little reason for wasting time and energy on the student who was in his class simply for a grade.

However my most vivid memory of Professor Conklin was a rare hour spent alone with him in his office. Before us on the table lay his Bible opened to the first chapters of Genesis. I knew he was a declared

Christian, a member of a church with an orthodox pastor. I knew he thoroughly believed in evolution and this was my first science course when the development of life from the most simple forms to the highly complex seemed so clearly evident. I was struggling in my own mind over many questions and he had sensed the situation.

As I remember I had gone to his office to ask some question about an assignment. Some of my perplexities came to the surface. There and then he invited me to sit down while he reached for his Bible. We discussed life and its beginnings, and the stories in those early chapters of the Old Testament. I had my first lesson in historical criticism as applied to the development of religion. I was not only in the presence of a scientist but of a poet. I have loved that opening chapter of Genesis ever since. I then began to read and study the Old Testament as I had never read it before. It became a living book, a picture of man's struggle as he tried to explain his own life and find his God and his Creator.

I walked out of that office with new vistas before me. That day there was born the determination to study the development of religions as I was then studying my science and my history. Something too had happened to me. I found myself at peace with my little world. Professor Conklin, the scientist, the poet, the Christian gentleman, had helped a simple country girl find a place in a complicated universe where life seemed real and worthwhile.⁸

The next student quoted, Miss Fae McClung, now Mrs. Kenneth Shawhan, later became a colleague of the Faculty as Assistant Professor of Biology:

One of the essential features of good teaching is knowledge of subject matter. . . . Professor Conklin had at his command a wealth of material pertaining to the subject he was teaching. I was always impressed with his "intellectual honesty." One has profound respect for the teacher who will, at least occasionally, condescend to say "I don't know," instead of trying, (usually unsuccessfully) to cover up "limited knowledge!" . . . Professor Conklin usually knew—if he didn't, he was the first to admit it. A student could depend upon what he said!

I always admired his modest unassuming attitude. We have all known teachers whose main purpose in life seems to be to impress others with their intelligence and what they assume to be "general superiority." There was none of this in the life of Professor Conklin. On the contrary, it is my opinion, that this modesty was somewhat taken advantage of by others, and that he took undue personal persecution because he wouldn't "fight back."

Because I had contact with students in about twenty hours of work under his personal supervision, I feel qualified to say that students in his classes had a profound respect for his work, and that even though

⁸Miss Ethel M. Jones' statement to F. L. Herriott, January 29, 1938, at Des Moines.

he had this very retiring nature, that he was always approachable. Personally, I recall many conferences—I'd rather call them "informal chats"—which Elizabeth Buck, Abbie and Helen Betts, and I have had in his office—out of class hours. Anything he said was interesting and contained food for thought. He was tolerant of students' immature and often warped ideas, and opened doors which were of tremendous importance to student thinking. That is another test of good teaching, leading students to think for themselves, and not to tell them *what* to think.

He was a teacher one does not forget, but appreciates more and more in the years following graduation. I cannot personally measure my appreciation of the opportunity of having been in his classes. The value received is beyond measurement.⁹

One of his Assistants, Miss Elizabeth Buck, now Mrs. C. J. McFarland of Prescott, Arizona, writes:

I remember him as generally giving the effect of being rather withdrawn from most student contacts and the "collegiate" atmosphere, but to one genuinely interested in his beloved Science of Botany he presented a very different aspect. He was one of the followers of the great Agassiz whose influence permeated the science courses of his own college days. I recall his telling with a twinkle of delight in his eyes how Agassiz at his first meeting a student would simply place a fish before him and leave him to find out for himself as much as he could before any help was given. Professor Conklin patiently taught Freshman after Freshman who "Took Botany," chiefly for the science credits but I think he never approved of the system of leading a pupil to a required subject and then pouring knowledge into him. His interest was in students who were eager to study each detail because they were fascinated as he was by the marvels of nature. Closely associated with that devotion to the exacting demands of science was a deep appreciation of the beautiful and the ideal which his shy spirit often caused him to conceal but which is so evident in his poems. I considered it an honor to be his assistant for one year and still more of an honor to be allowed to enjoy his poetic writings.¹⁰

Miss Helen Betts, now Mrs. W. Boyd Allen, was Professor Conklin's Assistant during the years 1922-24. For some time now, she has been in charge of the Rare Books of the "Treasure Room" of the Library of Harvard University. On hearing of the serious illness of her mentor in botany she instantly penned a letter recording her vivid memories of Professor Conklin which I reproduce *in extenso*:

⁹Mrs. Kenneth Shawhan's statement made to F. I. Herriott, December 3, 1937, at Des Moines.

¹⁰Mrs. C. J. McFarland to F. I. Herriott, letter dated December 2, 1937, at Prescott, Arizona.

He was first of all a human being to me, rather than a "mere professor." I think the best thing he did for me was to bring me to the realization of the relation of a specific study to the whole field of human knowledge. Botany wasn't just botany—a classifying of plants into orders, families and species—but was one part of all life, lapping over into zoology and geology, chemistry and so on. I took Dr. Morehouse's course in beginning Astronomy that first year, and got my mind stretched to the cracking point, but not even the great stars seemed more marvelous, more a part of a grand rhythmic whole than those tiny bits of life on the borderline between animals and plants.

The method Professor Conklin used was that of Agassiz, which was the one used at Harvard when the young man from Eureka studied here. He doled out specimens for our microscopes and put us to work. We'd ask questions—often foolish, of course—and he'd answer only, "That's our question." He expected *us* to tell *him*.

Alas! not many of us were up to it. I remember what a secret thrill I had when, as his assistant, I was deploring the poor work of careless students concerned only with credits, and he answered, "Give them the benefits of the doubt every time you can; we'll give them D's and get rid of them." You know what a revolutionary idea that must have seemed to me then. It is only just lately that the idea dare be broached—not every born-free-and-equal American is able to profit by "higher" education. Professor Conklin quietly "got rid" of the students who couldn't or wouldn't do the work and concentrated his efforts on those who were willing and able to get something out of his courses.

And those elect did work. For us there was no amount of his time too great to talk on everything and anything. He was one of the quietest radicals I ever knew. Outwardly he conformed, even wore a mask of dullness. Inwardly and to a few whom he felt were mental kin, he was as unconventional as could be. He put forth new (to me) ideas on immortality, immorality, religion, poetry, medicine—diet! He struggled against bitterness caused by pettiness and that made him seem very human to me.

In a thousand small ways he opened my eyes for me and made me see the farther horizon. His own keen blue eye was a symbol to me of that vision beyond. Almost always he veiled his eyes by keeping the lids nearly closed. But when he'd dart a glance at us with a sort of weary scorn for our childishness and say, "Pick up your doll-rags and go!" I was delighted with the aptness of the reproof to a class, composed chiefly of girls, restlessly awaiting the bell.

His real self was shy and poetic, and rather well summed up in the little scrap of verse he wrote in my college "Memory Book":

"Helen—Love Beauty, and the aura
Of her immortal flower
Will brighten all your pathway
And perfume every hour."

As I think of Professor Conklin, perhaps even now gone on ahead to his larger world, I think that in his own particular way every one of my mentors at Drake gave me glimpses of the great things.¹¹

The compensation of teachers in our colleges measured in terms of the coin of the realm has seldom been noteworthy for its amount, or certainty, and the conditions of its allowance are often trying. Such, however, is not the consideration which controls in the premises and holds them to their work. It is a fondness for the work with students and the feeling that they are dealing with young minds at the most important stages of their mental and moral development and in this way doing their bit to enhance the "general welfare." Memories such as those recorded in the preceding paragraphs are the rewards they hope for and which mean more than larger bank balances and any other evidence of tawdry fame.

VI

There was a genial cynicism, with occasional flashes of sardonic humor, in much of Professor Conklin's comment on men and measures. His constant scrutiny of nature induced much of the silence so notable in his conduct. The grandeur and majesty of nature's forces and manifestations—the mystery and potency of atoms, bacteria, electrons and microbes, for good and for evil in the ongoing of things and man's destiny, made him realize the futility and pathos of so much in the doings and sayings of poor mortals in this vale of tears. So much of what we do or say in the ordinary round of the day's routine is done for effect or it is bootless or witless. To Professor Conklin superfluous effort was a sin against law and the prophets.

I had a personal experience that remains green in my memory. Meeting him on University Avenue one bright day when the sun was brilliant and nature was at her best, I greeted him with the casual commonplace "It's a fine day, Professor." With a solemn air and a glint of a sardonic smile in his eye he instantly rejoined, "Well, what of it?" I smiled and responded "Check. No more!" Never again did I sin

¹¹Mrs. Wm. Boyd Allen to F. I. Herriott, letter dated November 30, 1937, at Cambridge, Mass.

likewise. What was the sense or use of saying aloud what was obvious to him and everyone.

But let no one infer that Roland Conklin was cold and indifferent to friends, or the good offices of associates. He was, we thought, lonesome because he shrank from intruding or interfering with the convenience of colleagues. He craved the companionship of congenial souls—and he was not insistent upon persons of like studies or tastes with himself. He was catholic in his interests and broad in his sympathies. He never displayed any sectarian or partisan narrowness in any of his relations within or outside the University. The welfare of friends, the theories of science, the beauties or the mysteries of nature, or some incident of student life or the state of the nation would elicit his interest. He was a delightful conversationalist when in the home of a colleague or in a group—although he was not a ready talker.

One notable characteristic of Roland Conklin was often displayed. It illustrated perfectly Emerson's test of true friendship; namely, that genuine friendship is demonstrated when one may be in another's presence for an hour and not say a word, and leave without adverse comment or inference. It was not infrequent when Professor Conklin would call on old friends that, aside from his initial curt greeting, he would sit for a half hour or more and not utter a word. It was not discourtesy or dullness or irritation; his mind was either absorbed with some matter, or he simply had no observations he deemed worth making. The friends thought nothing of his silence; but those unacquainted would suffer all sorts of bellicose curiosity. On the next visit, however, he might entertain his friends and astonish others with his flashing, scintillating comments on men and things. His moods were unpredictable.

In the ordinary social relations outside his home or classroom Roland Conklin never indulged in the facetiousness or flippant conversation, the inane persiflage and "smart talk" so common in the average social gathering. In any group or crowd he was almost invariably a silent observer and, to the stranger, apparently an indifferent, or inert listener. But one would err to infer from his reticent silence that he was

dull to what was taking place: for, in a flash, a cutting comment might shatter the smug assumption of that intolerable social bore, the incessant "wise-cracker." Amidst the common inanities of conversation a sardonic smile would slowly spread over his serious features; and if he did not upset the *amour propre* of some of the most conspicuous, one was not certain whether it was charity or contempt that held his tongue.

In the hilarious diversions of associates on "hikes" or picnics he seldom participated but now and then he would "let his *ego* go." One, who was a freshman at Eureka College in 1906-07, recalls the sensation which spread over the campus and through the corridors on hearing that on a faculty picnic Professor Conklin took part in a foot race with several notables and to the surprise of everyone easily out-distanced all competitors.¹² In another "Faculty" outing at Eureka a game of baseball was their diversion. To the astonishment of the dignitaries, old and young alike, the reticent Professor of Geology displayed an alert, discerning eye, and a steady nerve at bat. He hit the ball for a "three bagger," if not a home run, creating no little excitement.¹³

VII

Another noticeable characteristic of my departed colleague was his intense indignation if anyone did him, or anyone associated with him, a gross injustice. His feelings would surge up. His expressions in comment were instantly pointed and pungent—often biting. If the injustice was personal and not admitted or corrected when pointed out by him, he did not curb his feelings. The aggressor would get his opinion in no uncertain terms often flung forth with explosive energy. If he could not get the matter properly adjusted he had no respect for the sinner and avoided contact with him as he would a plague. He appeared to assume that everyone was intelligent and could (and would) judge their own actions; therefore when an injustice or a wrong was committed and not repented, he assumed deliberate intent.

¹²Recollections of Professor Charles J. Ritchey of Drake University.

¹³Dean S. J. Harrod of Eureka College to F. I. Herriott, letter dated January 7, 1937, at Eureka, Illinois.

Near the end of a semester in one of his classes a young lady suffered the loss of her notebook. Her credit for the term's work depended upon its presentation in due form. Since she was a very conscientious student and had prepared her notes with great care, she was in sore distress. She was certain the notebook had been stolen by some student; and she so informed Professor Conklin. In a short time he discovered the culprit, whom he denounced and expelled from his class. He further denounced the offender to the administrative authorities and insisted that severe punishment was due. Because of the prominence of the culprit in another complex he was not given his walking papers. Professor Conklin never ceased to flame with indignation when he thought of the incident in which false pretenses or fraud and petty larceny nearly robbed a *bona fide* student of her credits.

Years since he was a member of a club. He read a very instructive paper one night dealing with a controversy as to whether life and the universe were to be interpreted by the "mechanistic" or the "vitalistic" theory. Philosophers and scientists always get each other by the ears when they broach the subject. He dealt with the points in issue in a learned and brilliant fashion indicating his belief in the mechanistic interpretation.

At the time the churchmen and scientists were at grips over Darwinism and Evolution and its bearing upon religious creeds and the authority of the scriptures. Academic instructors found themselves, the country over, in a cross-fire and in more or less danger from belligerent defenders of old views who insisted ruthlessly upon teachers expounding primitive beliefs. At that meeting one member and a visitor seemed to him to be present with a hostile purpose and acted as if they were "tak'n notes" with a view to securing data for adverse charges. Professor Conklin was convinced that they were present as "spies." He was so incensed that he never went back to the club—deeming their conduct disreputable and unbecoming gentlemen and scholars. Some of us, less sensitive, while concurring in his suspicions, tried to disabuse his mind of the importance of the fact if he was correct: but he was impervious to our efforts to regain his confidence.

He had courage of the finest sort when a colleague suffered wrong. He would not only express his sympathy and deplore it. But he was ready to speak out in a public way if such would aid in correcting the injustice or he would out of self-respect proclaim that he did not approve or condone the treatment his colleague endured. He was not boisterous or declamatory about it, but he acted definitely and in a point-blank fashion. No one was left in a fog or shadow of doubt as to where he stood or what his feelings and opinions were. He was, in western parlance, a colleague "to ride the river with" and hence the solid respect and friendship his work-mates felt for him.

VIII

Two other facts stand out clearly in Professor Conklin's character and career which we should comprehend if we are to sense the notable reserve in his attitude towards religious ceremonial and creeds. While he was religious in the best and basic sense of the term he ever refrained from any vocal demonstrations of his feelings and he never indulged in any ostentatious ceremonial observances.

Expressions in his letters written from Harvard in 1891, make it clear that he was alienated from the old-time church preaching, with its sulphurous pulpit denunciation of "poor miserable sinners" and their consignment to the nether depths of burning marl, or its rancorous excommunication of scientists because they disturbed ancient dogmas and traditions. God and Nature were synonymous in his conception, and Nature's laws were the expression of the purpose or will of the Deity. Poetry he deemed the language of Nature, and he felt with Wordsworth (whom he quotes) that it "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . ." In view of Professor Conklin's life and poetry the following is instructive:

I think there is nothing that gives me more true pleasure than a poem that breathes of the very spirit of nature. . . . Old fashioned preaching has left a bad impression. An object more to be feared than loved, more awful than lovely. If God be Father, Nature is a tender loving Mother.¹⁴

¹⁴Roland E. Conklin to Miss Maud McDonald, letter dated at Cambridge, Mass., December 4, 1891.

It is the God in Nature that men love, rather the strange mysterious being so distant and unsearchable. I think the principle is this that to *love* is to *know* and to *feel*. We love those things we *know*. I don't believe there is such a thing as Atheism. Men simply have different names for the same object of love and reverence, and the *name* is the thing that has been fought over. . . . Suppose a man says he does not believe in God: he believes in Nature, he must acknowledge that Nature has the same power over him and his destiny that another would ascribe to God for he is just as much a part of nature as any other object and he knows her laws are as fixed and immutable as the laws the other ascribes to God, and if he is just as conscientious as the other he will be just as good a man. We are too much in the habit of thinking if a man doesn't belong to the church he is bad.¹⁵

We may perceive the same feelings and drift in his religious views in an interesting article summarizing his experiences while sojourning in the White Mountains in the summer vacation of 1892. Two paragraphs and a stanza from one of his early poems are given:

There is something in the very nature of a river that commands the deepest respect. I never watch its moving waters but with something of the sentiment that breathes in "The Song of the Brook"—onward yet always here; changing with every moment yet always the same; now here, now there, then gone forever, yet the very expression of all that is present and eternal. How like the current of earth's great life procession as each drop comes forth from eternal springs, lives in the passing wave, and melts into the depths of the unknown.

* * * * *

It is only when in the depths of her solitudes where dwells the spirit of nature that we begin to catch the secret meaning of her inner self. And no place is better adapted to awaken a consciousness of the relation of the moving spirit of nature to the deeper life of the soul of man, than the mysterious quietude of a mountain tarn.

* * * * *

Winds are sighing
Thro' the branches
Of the pine trees, dark and tall,
Sounds are dying
In the distance
Echoed by the mountain wall,
From the woodland where all nature
Waits the Vesper's holy call.¹⁶

¹⁵*Ibid.*, letter dated December 18, 1891.
¹⁶*The Pegasus*, May, 1894, Eureka, Illinois.

From the outset Professor Conklin displayed a breadth and generosity of religious conception which comprehended all rightminded seekers after truth and all doers of righteousness. He concurred with St. Paul in his notable letter to the Romans:

For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves:

Which show the work of the law written in their hearts; their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another. II:14-15.

Religion as he conceived it in practical life was the appreciation and realization of the best in life—so living as to fulfill all one's obligations to self and family, and associates in life's normal relationships. Concern for and consideration of others were, in the large, consideration for one's larger and finer self—the realization of the altruism which one finds throughout animate nature, attaining its finest fruition in man's social relationships.

Professor Conklin was an individualist after the manner of Herbert Spencer. He knew that nature was exacting and rigorous in demanding ability and achievement. Success in the struggle for existence, which is Nature's inexorable law, was to the capable, to the strong and the swift of foot, to the superior brain and education, and to the staunch of character. "To him that hath shall be given" is nature's basic law for all animated nature including man. His altruism was naught else than an expression of his sense of the golden rule. Further he wanted for others the same mete of justice he demanded for himself.

Part and parcel of the latter traits was his reticence about current popular philanthropy. He was very sensitive to human suffering and was ever quick to give of his sympathy and assistance. But in the twenty-two years of my association with him I cannot recall that I ever heard him say a word about missionary programs or express any pronounced interest in what in these latter days has been heralded to the four corners of the heavens as "Social Uplift," or "Social Justice." Aware of nature's stern discipline, he could not but deem

much, if not most of it more than futile,—aye! perverse and demoralizing. This thought was indicated in a letter to me not long before his health gave way.¹⁷

IX

The memories of colleagues, who work beside one another for years within a University complex, co-operating in the common purpose, experiencing the same perplexities and trials, are the best evidence for measuring the real worth and influence of a man. It is the daily routine in the ceaseless round of prosaic tasks, in the grind and the pull and tug of the day's work that men discern, and correctly appraise, a man's ability and achievement, his character and conduct as a man and as a colleague. It is the severest of tests. If he can meet this test such a one is compounded of stuffs that wear well and refine with time. Roland Conklin met this test in full measure as the memories of his work-mates in Drake disclose. I venture to offer some clusters from three of his colleagues.

Dr. Luther S. Ross, Professor of Zoology, 1892-1932, already cited, thus records his appreciation:

Several years of close association with Professor Conklin gave me some insight into his character and his nature. That which impressed me most, after the recognition of a sterling character, was his extreme sensitiveness—a sensitiveness that found expression in delightful little poems descriptive of some natural beauty, or in a loving tribute to the wife of his youth.

His reactions to contact with his fellow men showed his nature to be very delicately balanced so that he was hurt by wrongs either real or fancied, and instead of putting them out of his mind, his tendency was to brood over them causing himself unnecessary unhappiness. In the class room his joy was in the earnest thinking student, but the inattentive timekiller was reprimanded in no uncertain manner.

He saw the delicate beauty of form and color in nature, and then could find words so descriptive that others could see also.¹⁸

Dr. A. D. Veatch, Professor of Semetic Language and Literature, has many fine memories of Roland Conklin's friendship and courage in a critical juncture:

¹⁷Professor Conklin to F. I. Herriott, letter dated January 26, 1937, at Eureka, Illinois.

¹⁸Professor L. S. Ross to F. I. Herriott, letter dated November 30, 1937, at Claremont, California.

Professor Conklin was the soul of integrity. I never knew him to swerve the least from what he believed to be true. He went straight to the point. When he had spoken, all knew his views. Yet he was never arrogant or offensive.

He never pretended or put on airs. He knew that mortals are all made of the same common clay. He was a little diffident, but never self-righteous. . . .

. . . When his friends were in distress, they had his sympathy and help—shown without regard as to what others might think.

. . . While one of the most matter-of-fact men I ever knew yet he had a mystical element in his nature. This made him a poet of no mean ability, of whose genius but few ever knew.

His profound knowledge of nature and his belief in evolution led him to believe, contrary to the opinions of most scientists, that man will finally solve the ultimate mystery of the existence of the Universe. . . .

As a fine perfume has a lingering sweetness, so will the memory of my friend Conklin linger with me.¹⁹

Dr. Herbert Martin, now head of the department of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa, was Professor of Philosophy in Drake from 1911 to 1925. His admiration for Roland Conklin was pronounced and abiding:

In thinking over my association with him three characteristics stand out. He was a gentle soul—I use the gentle in the sense of gentleman. His gentleness was that of nobility. It was innate and constitutive. Without it such poems of his as I am acquainted with could not have been written. I found Professor Conklin, too, to desire and appreciate friends and friendships. His quiet and unobtrusive demeanor was often misinterpreted as social indifference. I have often felt the warmth of his heart. I think of him again, and can see and hear his expressions of horror when faced with hypocrisy and unreality. Confronted by pretense he shuddered to the depth of his soul. Conklin was a white soul.

He was a lover of the beautiful,
the good and the true²⁰

Still other phases of his habits of thought and feeling and modes of expression are brought out in the recollections of Mrs. Arthur J. Rider, wife of Dr. Rider, head of the Department of Chemistry in Drake.

It was his habit to walk out to Waveland Park, evening after evening, to gaze at the sunset. On his way home he would occasionally

¹⁹Professor A. D. Veatch to F. I. Herriott, letter dated November 28, 1937, at Des Moines, Iowa.

²⁰Professor Herbert Martin to F. I. Herriott, letter dated December 3, 1937, at Iowa City, Iowa.

stop at our home, sit in our backyard, speak of the evening sunset, especially if it had been unusually beautiful, admire the different kinds of beauty which he found in the flowers of our garden—and then at other times just quietly sit.

A silent retiring man with a face not usually alight with revealing zest and enthusiasm, he would become suddenly an animated talker (at least it seemed so in contrast) and his face and eye would become radiant when one mentioned or asked him something of keen interest to him as I frequently did in regard to his poems. For instance I was much impressed when I read each new poem he gave me or sent me of the rare new words which expressed so adequately (I found on study) the subtle meaning he wished to convey. I once spoke to him about that and his face lighted up with unusual glow; and with an unusual animation and yet with a certain reticence—he told me of his search and study for the new and the right word to convey his meaning.

He was keenly alert to an appreciation of the beautiful. He found it (the beautiful) where others passed it by unnoticed. I believe he loved his friends and hated his enemies with a greater intensity than many.

After he discovered my pleasure in his poems, almost every time I saw him he would quietly reach into his pocket and pass over to me a card on which was written a poem he wished me to read: this frequently without a word. Several he gave me to keep; and one especially he said he wrote for me—about our garden.²¹

X

Those who knew Roland Conklin as a botanist and geologist, or as an effective lecturer on bacteriology or mineralogy, or as an expositor of the evolution of nature's multitudinous forces and forms, knew but a part of the man. Unless they came within the circuit of his friendship or confidence they knew not his interesting inner self which so far as the heedless passing throng was concerned he seemed to keep under lock and key. That inner self was peculiarly sensitive to the beauties and harmonies of nature and so attuned to the finer subtleties of life that like an Aeolian harp, it gave forth

Sounds and sweet airs that gave delight,
and hurt not.

His letters written at Cambridge while in Harvard display intense interest in poetry which he deemed the truest and

²¹Mrs. Arthur J. Rider to F. L. Herriott, letter dated December 17, 1937, at Des Moines, Iowa.

most telling expression of the laws and harmonies of nature. That interest early took form in lyric expression. Lifting lines in "fine-filed phrase" came from his pen and confirmed an observation of the Sage of Craiggenputoeh that poetry is "the harmonious union of man and nature."

Further, we may without much hesitation conclude that the gentle Muse, Euterpe, often stirred his feelings and inspired his pen when memories of grief and wrongs possessed him: for, of poets Shelley tells us

They learn in suffering what
they teach in song.

In his *Autobiography* Herbert Spencer discusses the popular assumption that there is an inherent antagonism between Science and Poetry. One who specializes in the physical sciences—chemistry or physics, geology or biology, botany or zoology—or in the mechanical arts, does not as a rule discern the majestic harmonies of nature. Nor does he thrill at the beauties and the rhythm of her myriad manifestations. If perchance he does in some measure sense them, he cannot express his feelings in other than matter-of-fact prose.

The scientist, of necessity, is absorbed in the minutia of a narrow segment of nature or life in which he studies or works. He may, but seldom does, see the inner connections or the general influences of forces and forms outside his particular field. He is wont to be indifferent to the beauties of form and color, to the subtle essences of things and the grandeur of the vast complex of intricate relationships of microscopic phenomena with far-flung masses of matter and the myriad forms of organic life out of which man and society, science and art have slowly evolved through eons of time. Spenceer, however, points out that Goethe, while famous as a poet, was notable for his scientific researches and contributions.

The poet must, like the "sweet singer of Colonus" and the famous Bard of Avon,

. . . See life steadily and see it whole.

Roland Ellsworth Conklin possessed this ability to a remarkable degree; in equal measure there was combined in

him the accurate discerning eye of the scientist and the sensitive soul of the poet; and with his mind's eye he could see far beyond the common ken and put his thoughts and feelings into luminous lines. He was ever quick to see and to

Pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

The "flower in the cranied wall" and the majestic mountains equally attracted and allured Roland Conklin's spirit. Dr. L. S. Ross, his colleague of many years, writes that they were "members of a little party which drove across from Claremont, California, to see Boulder Dam as it was nearing completion. His [Conklin's] delight in the wayside flower and in the grim massive walls of the canyon apparently were equal. His was the most sensitive and poetic nature I have ever known intimately."²²

Nature's marvelous kaleidoscope stirred his poetical senses more perhaps than any other fact in the phenomena round about him—although we shall see that any happy coincidence or episode suggesting the fineness of human nature, or the niceties of life among his associates would instantly inspire his pen. As his letters from Harvard in the early '90's clearly intimated, his fondness for nature and his pleasure in Wordsworth's poetry, which is redolent with the fragrance of flowers and reflects the forces and majesty of nature, explain the Wordsworthian character of so much of Professor Conklin's poetry. Moreover, he was in accord with our own Emerson who assures us that "We are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth as by acquiring a new planet." Or as the Seer of Concord puts it in another connection,

There is no great and no small
to the Soul that maketh all.

In brief and in summary, the marvels revealed by the microscope are not less thrilling and no less vital to the promotion of the welfare of man than the disclosures of the telescope.

Poetry with Roland Conklin came from his inner self like the murmuring waters of a forest spring. It was not pumped

²²Dr. L. S. Ross, *op. cit.*

up. An incident, a courtesy of a student, a request from a class, a chance remark that stirred his sense of the fitness of things, a walk with a companion or friend in dell or park, the experience of a colleague or a gracious word of appreciation, would likewise stir his poetic instincts, and a sonnet or other form of lyric expression would soon be in the making.

Another fact suggests a marked characteristic of the man in connection with his poetical nature—namely his indifference about their publication in the ordinary media of “publicity” which poets generally seem to covet most ardently. He cared little or nothing for that sort of public applause or notice. If perchance they were published it was because someone asked for them and gave them printed form.

It is not feasible here to give many illustrations of Professor Conklin’s genius for lyric expression but the circumstances of various poems and a few lines from each one selected will convince both the critic and the layman that he was a master of limpid lines and exquisite expression.

XI

His perception of the delicate weaving in the warp and woof of Nature’s looms is effectively demonstrated in his lines addressed “To a Maiden Hair Fern” composed while he was teaching at Eureka College.

No blossom hues and perfume breath conspire
To win thee favor in the sight of men
* * * * *

Thine is the simple grace of perfect form,
Vailing beneath thy lightly pencilled shape
The dainty spirit of a primal art
Thou fairest child of nature’s early norm
As though some saintly maiden should escape
And dwell in convent solitude apart.²³

In May, 1924, Professor Conklin was invited to go with a party of light-hearted collegians to spend a day at “The Ledges,” one of Iowa’s beautiful state parks, near Boone. It is a region of entrancing woods and wild life and flowers, containing almost mountainous bluffs and deep dells on the southern side or right bank of the Des Moines river as it

²³Published in *Birds and Nature*, XVI, 176, November, 1904.

flows in its winding way to the eastward in its south-easterly course to join the Father of Waters. Its scenery always arouses the lover of nature to ecstatic eulogies and anon makes even the inert exclaim at its beauty.

While more or less taciturn en route, Professor Conklin no sooner saw the beautiful vistas in the landscape and the gorgeous foliage and the masses of vari-colored shrubbery than he became alert, animated and vocal with his delight in the scenery. His student associates, so accustomed to his class-room reserve, were astonished at his vivacious descriptions of the species of flowers and shrubs and the minuteness and sweep of his comments on the peculiarities of this and that specimen to which he directed their attention. For a considerable time he was the focus point of the group's interest and enjoyment. Then he became absorbed and silent, and with no comment, he stepped aside, and sat down at the base of a tree. In a short time a poem took form on a card which he called "The Park."

A stretch of Woodland with its slope
So deeply etched no plow can mar.

* * * * *

Where April calls all living to new life
And early flowers and early birds and bees
May ply their venturous quest unharmed
And timid wild things see the light of day.
Happy the thought that useless wastes may be
The refuge and delight of countless lives
That higher ends than self and greed may flow
From rocks and streams inviolate
And you and I may meet them unafraid
Our Mother Nature and our Father God.

If Professor Conklin had any one favorite mode of forgetting the worries and aggravations of the day's work, it was a walk toward the close of the day to Waveland Park in west Des Moines—often asking one of his colleagues or a friend to accompany him. There among the beautiful trees and vistas of the hills he watched the flashing, fusing brilliances in the clouds and cerulean blue produced by the rays of the low descending sun. Twilight and the evening hour made him ponder the close of life and the purport of its

mysteries in the ongoing of its stream of energy and man's yearnings. One of his poems first entitled "Twilight" but later called "The Quest" expressed his reflections.

Some evening ere the dark has fallen quite
While still a little twilight lingers there
About the portal, and the chilly air
Creeps slowly in the wake of coming night,
I'll rise and draw my cloak and fasten tight
And take my staff and slowly follow where
She beckons from the echelon cloud stair;
My good Angel to guide my steps aright.
Nor shall I quake nor falter with a fear,
Knowing the way of all the Good and Great
Who've journeyed erstwhile to that unknown West
But curious of each enchantment near
And wonderous of the scenes that lie in wait,
I'll fare me on that immemorial quest.

Roland Conklin's aloofness and marked reserve cloaked, many of us suspected, a sense of loneliness. It may have been that memories of mistreatment or injustice which he had endured (and which he could not easily forget), embittered him, and he stood apart from the heedless throng lest he again encounter harsh treatment. Whatever the explanation, any chance courtesy offered him or manifestation of kindness shown him by friend or student stirred him deeply and his feeling would take form in lilting verse.

One day, one of his students and assistants, Miss Elizabeth Buck, who was alert in his subjects and effective in class work, brought him a cluster of bitter sweet. Not long after he gave her a token of his appreciation on a card containing a poem entitled "Bitter Sweet."

Brown twigs with crimson arils clinging
* * * * *
Their fading relics of its color song
Are but its beauty-spirit haunting thee.
Their redolence of kindly thought and cheer
I shall remember long, remember long.

If any one should assume from what has gone before that Drake's Professor of Botany and Geology was interested merely in the beauties of rocks and streams and wild flowers and the thousand creeping things of Nature, let him cast the

assumption aside. One of his assistants (from whom I have quoted) has sent me the following exquisite *jeu d' esprit*

BLUE EYES

The blue of her dear eyes to me
 Is elemental in its hue
 The liquid, laving, languid blue
 Of vastitudes wherein I see
 Strong hints of all the blues there be
 * * * * *
 Gentian and larkspur blues that grew
 In leaden soils and never knew
 Their kinship to the Rosemary
 O' never were ne'er can be
 Eyes like my dream girl has for me.

Is there any blue-eyed lass, or stately dame of a royal court
 who would not stand athrill at lilting lines like these!

XII

During his first year in Drake Professor Conklin enjoyed with all of us the excellent choral performances conducted by Dean Frederick Howard of the Conservatory of Music. He possessed a fine baritone voice. His sudden death on November 26, 1908, shocked the community. The common feelings were admirably expressed in the following:

A VOICE IS STILLED

A voice is stilled
 That lately thrilled
 With music murmurous low or passion filled
 Our morning hour,
 Out on the night
 It took its flight
 To join the chorus of the song of light
 Beyond the dawn,
 From that far shore
 No more, no more
 As in the song-enamored days of yore
 It comes to us,
 Let silence be
 While memory
 Rebuilds its half-forgotten ecstasy
 In one last strain.

To sooth our brief
 Impassioned grief
 And bring the healing balm of sure relief
He doeth well.

Leaving the University Auditorium with Dr. Ross after a morning assembly, Professor Conklin called attention to the ivy on the wall of "Old Main" with its gorgeous hues of color, and likened it to a tapestry. In a few days, Dr. Ross writes, "rather diffidently he showed me a little poem. . . ." He called it "An Autumn Tapestry." I give a few lines:

I know an old neglected wall not far,
 Where ivies cling and climb in wanton care:
 * * * * *
 With Autumn's breath the looms were strangely stilled
 The calm of expectation hushed the earth,
 As those who feared and waited some glad birth,
 The night came on, starbright and hoarfrost filled;
 The morning with its radiance flared and burned,
 And as I looked the tapestry turned.²⁴

Hearing his colleague, Dr. Herbert Martin, read a paper before the Woman's Club of Des Moines in 1912 on "Friendship," a day or two later he gave him a sonnet entitled "The Fairest Flower." A few lines will indicate the fine feelings he felt and expressed:

There is a flower I could name for thee
 The fairest of all the chemistry of time
 * * * * *
 Go seek it out where it may be found:
 * * * * *
 Pay all thou hast to make its fragrance thine:
 True Friendship rarest of the flowers divine.

When one of Drake's conscript Fathers, Dr. B. E. Shepperd, Professor of Philosophy, Emeritus, retired in 1911 after thirty years of service, Professor Conklin wrote a tribute to him in verse which he read at an assembly. Two stanzas may indicate the course of his memories.

So thou our friend of many days
 Hast long sought wisdom's deeper things,
 Hast loved her labyrinthine ways
 And followed fair truth's beckonings.

²⁴This is the initial poem in *A First Book of Iowa Poets* (Des Moines, Iowa, 1928).

Thy high souled virtues needed not
 The common props of sect and creed,
 Eternal Right thy only thought
 Transcendent Good thy only need.

As we have seen, Professor Conklin, when returning from Waveland Park, now and then, stopped at the home of another colleague, the head of the department of chemistry, Dr. Arthur J. Rider, who is an ardent lover of flowers and who devoted much of his spare time to his garden in their successful culture. Professor Conklin was struck by his associate's fondness for them and his appreciation of their various forms and shades of color. One day he handed Mrs. Rider a poem entitled "In a Garden" whence I excerpt the concluding six lines:

And happy you my friends who find in these
 A pleasure and a recompense replete
 And in the quiet of its blest retreat
 The consonance of life's sweet verities,
 Where beauty is love cannot be far
 And peace as tranquil as the evening star.

Mr. Charles O. Denny, for many years professor of the classical languages in Drake, was struck down in 1927 by a cerebral hemorrhage. The word got abroad that death immediately ensued. The next day Professor Conklin handed me a sonnet with the caption "In a Cathedral."

Yours is a temple built of classic stone
 Etruscan marbles from the Mantuan ledges
 * * * * *
 A reverent silence everywhere pervades
 Its aisles and nave and its strong facades
 Reflect the star gleams of a kindly light
 Your memory has set a mark for aye
 On all who knew your faithful generous way.

In common with other academic folks in the country we at Drake in 1924 celebrated the 90th birthday of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. I had charge of the program and I asked Professor Conklin to give some of his memories of his *Alma Mater* and of his days "neath the elms of Harvard." His part that morning is unforgettable. He came forward in his usual unpretentious way—his face solemn not to say stern. With an air of remoteness, he began in an

unemotional manner and prosaic tone. Previous speakers had delivered brief addresses or "talks." The audience assumed that Professor Conklin would follow with another. Soon one noticed eyes opening, whispering stopped, heads lifted abruptly. They sensed something different from an ordinary speech. He was reading a poem. Its caption was "Fair Harvard." The first two and the last lines are reproduced.

Thy sons have heard the call
 And faith would answer and rejoice
 * * * * * * *
 Hail him all sons of Harvard now.
 Hail him all men in all the earth
 Who through his ninety years, unselfishly
 Has labored, loved and sacrificed.
 Without a stain to blot or mar
 And with the strength and patience of
 The campus elm he labors to the end.
 O! blest beyond all reckoning
 Those ninety years so nobly spent
 Here's health to thee and long life,
 Our Master, and the whole wide world's
 Great-hearted friend.

After the exercises that morning I asked him for the MS. for publication. He shook his head with an expression that was half scowl and half smile, and said: "Not now. I can fool people when I am reading *viva voce*, but I can't when I commit it to cold type. I had better look it over to smooth the jagged and rough lines in it."

XIII

The members of the Class of 1913 of the College of Liberal Arts asked Professor and Mrs. Conklin to serve as their "Class Father and Mother." Their comradeship he enjoyed. His pleasure in their reunions, picnics and fun and frolic was manifested on three different occasions in poetical form. From their class letter called "Round Robin," I take excerpts from three poems written at various dates.

Mrs. Conklin, a woman of marked ability, poise and dignity and rare social charm, died on December 25, 1912. At the first reunion of the class in 1914 Professor Conklin paid tribute to her memory in verses finely phrased:

FOR LOVE OF HER

O not for me June's roses bloom
 And perfumes all the air,
 I only see some crimson light
 Against her ebon hair.

And not for me the song bird's note
 From out the maple tree,
 I only hear across the years
 Her murmured lullaby.

* * * * *

O floating cloud and breaking wave
 What deeper meaning thou,
 Than that she knew and loved thee once,
 And I loved her somehow.

The next year he sensed the leaping ambitions and hopes of the members of the class and expressed them in three stirring stanzas under the caption:

THE NEW YEAR

O' for the splendor of the Unfulfilled,
 The hopes and fancies of the days to be,
 Love's vows replighted, joy's cups refilled
 And Life's dear dreams that dawn deliciously.

No more the withered leaves of misspent years,
 The conjured dust of buried memory
 No more the shudder or the blanching fears,
 That mar the Avas of Life's rosary.

Across this wintry, snow-white page is writ
 "The past is spent, its purplest wines are spilled,
 Broken are the strings, gone the long dream of it,"
 Welcome! Thrice welcome thou the unfulfilled.

In 1916 his feelings were again surcharged with memories of the Class Mother who had left them in their senior year and they took form in a sonnet. Its lines gleam with soft iridescent hues of thought and feeling.

THE IDEAL

Enthroned upon the topmost peak of thought,
 Dim-outlined on the dreamy depths of air
 A vision bides, her form divinely fair,
 Clad in soft light with filmy clouds inwrought,
 Oft' these far heights my inward eye have sought
 In vain. The dull gray mists were gathered there

And oft again peering with conscious care
Glimpses of some vague form I've faintly caught.
But once, my grosser self removed a space
And wandering like a spirit, clouds between
And veil loose drawn, I looked upon her face.
No voice was heard, no beck'ning hand was seen,
But O the depth of soul 'neath those calm brows
And O the wealth of life that look endows.

XIV

After twenty-two years of instructional service in Drake Professor Conklin, in 1929, took advantage of his rights under the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and retired as Professor Emeritus. His remaining years he spent partly in southern California with his three children in Claremont, Pasadena, and Terra Cotta, and partly in his old home in Chambersburg, Illinois.

One incident occurred after he concluded his work at Drake which gave him special pleasure for it signalized the esteem in which he was held by his work-mates. On the initiative of his colleagues he was elected to membership in the Gamma Chapter in Iowa of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the oldest honorary scholastic fraternity in the country.

Miscellaneous diversions occupied Professor Conklin's time and energy after his departure from Des Moines:—some were of a prosaic character in the way of looking after his financial and industrial interests, aiding in the construction of his son's home at Claremont, and others were of a scholastic and literary type. But his favorite pursuit continued to be a study of nature and her infinite variety and the occasional expression of his feelings and views in poetical form.

While in California Professor Conklin enhanced his happiness by his marriage with Miss Freda B. Kleinlein, a friend of many years in his old home at Chambersburg, Illinois.

With one exception all of his poems, so far as known, were of sonnet form or of slightly greater or lesser number of lines. The exception was notable. Sometime before leaving Drake he began the composition of a poetical narrative of the origin and descent of the earth which he entitled "The Crucials of Earth History." It was epic in form and objec-

tive. An ambitious undertaking, it was but partially completed, or perhaps it is nearer the truth to say that he had not perfected the narrative.

He undertakes to describe the beginnings and the course of the evolution of the earth and its species of animate nature from the original gaseous substances, or "star dust" and fire mists in the vast reaches of the universe, slowly, through eons of time, congealing into molten masses, whence evolve stars and planets, thence in our revolving earth come the rocks and waters that contain the germs of life out of which develop the bacteria and cell-like forms and the later larger forms of animal and vegetable life culminating in man's dominion over all. Its opening lines will give one an earnest of the whole:

Before men delved in earth to know
The rocks and all their mysteries,
The shepherds watched their flocks by night
And searched the wonders of the skies.
No thought was in the minds of men
That in those far off silent depths,
Where endless time and space abide
The garden of their Eden grew
No thought that from their search would go
A tiny stream to onward flow
And widen deepen farther reach
And in the fullness of its sweep
Should water all the fields of thought
And grow new Edens 'long its way
To oceans of Eternity
Their primal questions whither? whence?
Are still unanswered in their full
But holding fast the good and true
Our search thru endless time and space
Has brought reward,
If only in the broader view
The deeper meaning greater hope
And farther reaching sympathy.

In what was perhaps the last sonnet he composed—or at least the last that he completed to his satisfaction—Professor Conklin reflects his delight and joy in the scenery amidst which he lived and moved in southern California. The people of that state were suffering from financial and industrial depression as were those of all other states in the country

at large and the heavens were split with violent public debates and ugly contention. But he was not disturbed by the tumult and the shouting in the market place or the acrimonious discussion in the political forum. He dwelt amidst gorgeous foliage and the fragrance of flowers and songs of nature's choristers—yet out of his window he could see the eternal snows which glistened on the mountain peaks of the nearby range.

As he contemplated the beauties and the grandeur of the country in which he lived and moved, instincts and traditional sentiments surged up and took form in a sonnet which very appropriately he entitled "My Castle" which is given at length.

A plat of virgin earth with sky above,
Between the mountains and the molten sea;
Winds of the earth what e'er they chance to be,
Clouds, storms and sunshine night and day, I love
Them all; Great trees in everlasting green,
Grass, flowers and shrubs of every kind and hue,
Their beauty and their fragrance ever new,
And songs of birds from silences serene;
Dawns ever breaking on eternal snows
And sunsets staining phantom waves and sky
Where blue meets blue in mist and mystery;
By day my soul shall feast, by night repose.
Come with me, Love, while still there's time and tide
Into my Castle trove and there—abide.

XV

In closing the books in which mankind is wont to keep its accounts of the careers of mortals in this vale of tears, we are not so much concerned with the grand total of the credits and debits, as we are in the balance we find when the final footings are made.

He who combines ability in accomplishment with consideration and courtesy for those with whom one works or comes in contact, force of character with camaraderie and friendliness with associates or the casual wayfarer in the common circuits of life, such a one is the flower of cultivated society, "the scholar and the gentleman"—or as Geoffrey Chaucer happily put it six centuries ago

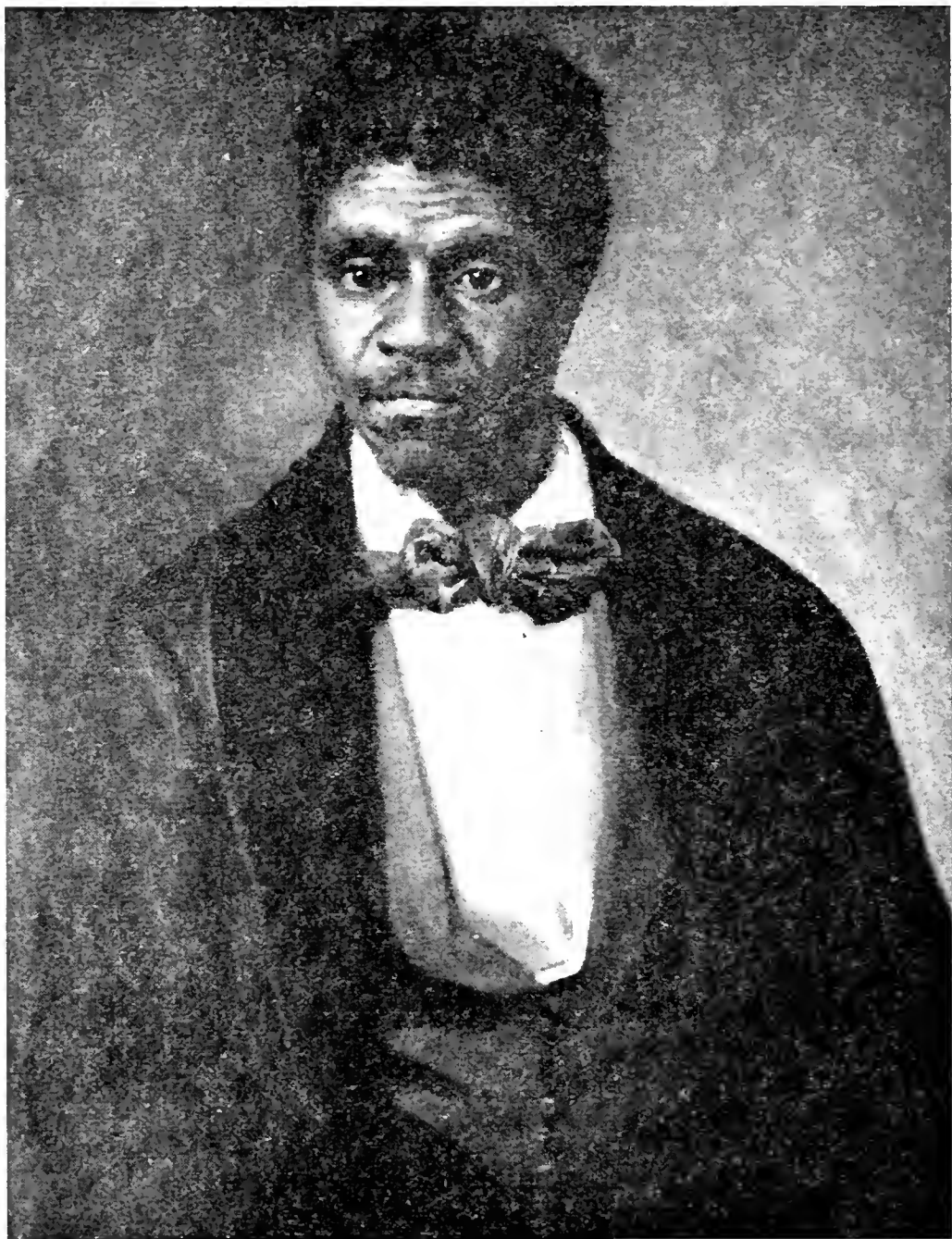
. . . . a veray parfit gentil knight.

Roland Ellsworth Conklin was in very truth a scholar and a gentleman. He was not a genius of the blazing sort, eccentric and erratic, unpredictable and unlovely in manners and mean in action; and he was not of the courtier type of Chesterfieldian gentleman, debonair and effusive with compliments of the species common in drawing rooms. But he was a scientist of marked ability and achievement; he was an instructor of keen discernment and vivid descriptive powers who saw life in the large as well as in minutia;—more he possessed a personality attuned to the finest in nature and life with an exquisite sense of the eternal fitness of things. Appreciation of the beauties and majesty of nature ever stirred him deeply, and just consideration for the rights and welfare of his associates always coerced his thoughts. Aloof and remote in manner his friends were impressed by the “sweetness and light” that permeated his feelings, spoken words and acts of friendship. In fine, in the language of two of his confreres, Roland Conklin was a “white Soul” and his friendship lingers in their memories like a “fine perfume.”

We see an extract made from an Indianapolis paper, that Hon. Ratlief Boon has been appointed Governor of Iowa Territory. The *Cincinnati Gazette*, seems to think there is some truth in the statement. *Iowa Sun and Davenport & Rock Island News*, Davenport, July 3, 1839.

Our correspondent at Washington city writes that Gen. Wilson will most assuredly be offered the executive chair of Iowa and that he will most probably accept it.

It is noticed in another column that Gen. W. would be in Washington on the occasion of Gen. Harrison's inauguration, whence we are led to conjecture he will return to New Hampshire and make such preparations as will enable him to reach here on the fourth of July at which time Governor Lucas' commission expires by limitation. *Iowa Standard*, Bloomington (Muscatine), Iowa, March 26, 1841.



DRED SCOTT

From a photograph of the painting owned by the Missouri Historical Society.

JOHN EMERSON, OWNER OF DRED SCOTT

BY REV. CHARLES E. SNYDER, LITT. D., LL. D.

On a December day, as the year 1843 drew near its close, a forty-one year old physician, a former United States army surgeon, lay dying of quick consumption out on the fringes of civilization in a new hotel building, in a little Iowa village only seven years old. Realizing the gravity of his condition, the sick man proceeded to make his will. It was a brief document in which he left all of his property to his wife in trust for their infant daughter, except his books which he left to his brother. Before the day was ended Dr. John Emerson had passed away. He was an obscure man, so far as he himself was concerned; no man now knows the resting place of his ashes. Yet in his will he unknowingly left behind a legacy of political dynamite that was to shake the nation and which was to write his name posthumously into a tragic chapter of our national history. It was not an unimportant event that took place that December day in the small Iowa village.

Dr. John Emerson first appeared on the Iowa scene where Davenport was to be built, in 1833. But little record concerning his earlier life can be found, except that he entered the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1822 and received his degree in 1824. The records of the school show that he was born in Pennsylvania.¹ Among his descendents there has persisted a tradition that he was born in Ireland and that he had sisters there who were nuns, but that tradition has no verification. Where he practiced his profession from 1824 to 1833 the writer does not know. In the latter year he entered the United States army from Pennsylvania, and as an assistant surgeon was assigned to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. He reached his post in December, 1833, and remained there until April or May, 1836, when Fort Armstrong was abandoned and he was assigned to Fort Snelling, at the junction of the St. Peter's River with the Mississippi.

¹A letter to the writer from the Recorder of the University of Pennsylvania, dated September 1, 1936.

In September of 1832, the Black Hawk treaty was negotiated on a site now included within the area of Davenport; in the following June, 1833, the land included in the cession was opened to claimants. Shortly after his arrival, or early in the next year, Dr. Emerson staked out a half-section next to the eastern line of a claim already staked by George L. Davenport, the young son of George Davenport, the Rock Island trader from whom Davenport has its name. George L. Davenport's claim, the site of General Scott's camp during the negotiations with the Sauk Indians, lay immediately east of the present city of Davenport, and within the present town of Bettendorf. Emerson's claim was next, its eastern boundary being practically the present Fourteenth Street of Bettendorf. Because of the vagaries of the shore line which marked the southern boundary of his claim, he had a little less than the orthodox 320 acres. This land except for a small portion, as we shall see later, he continued to own until his death.

Sometime prior to his coming to Fort Armstrong occurred that event which was to be Emerson's chief bid for fame; he bought a negro slave, Dred Scott, whose name was destined to become a household word from the Atlantic to the Missouri. Scott was born in Virginia, the property of Peter Blow. The Blow family had moved to St. Louis, and after Peter Blow's death, his daughter Elizabeth² sold Scott to Dr. Emerson who brought him to Rock Island. It is likely that Scott did work on Emerson's Iowa claim. It is possible that he tramped over some of the land now included in Davenport, when there was only one house, that of Antoine LeClaire, built where had stood in 1832 the great tent in which the Black Hawk treaty was negotiated, with old Black Hawk himself a prisoner at Prairie du Chien. Nobody thought it worth while to make any memorandum of what Dred did, and we may be sure from his later record that he did little.

Emerson built a log cabin on his claim, near the river, along where State Street, Bettendorf, now goes. There is a tradition that when he was transferred to Fort Snelling in 1836, he left Dred on the farm to look after things, but that also

²George Fort Milton, *The Eve of Conflict*, pp. 249-54.

seems to be only a tradition. If that occurred, Dred could have stayed only a short time, for in 1836 he was married at Fort Snelling to Harriet, a negro woman whom Emerson bought there from Major Taliaferro,³ assigned to the same post. When Emerson discovered that he was to be transferred to Fort Snelling, he turned to his friend Antoine LeClaire for assistance, and gave to LeClaire power of attorney to take care of his interests in his Iowa claim. The original of that power of attorney is among the LeClaire papers in the historical library of the Davenport Public Museum. It reads:

Know all men by these presents that I John Emerson asst. sgt. of the U. S. A. stationed at Fort Armstrong have made, constituted and appointed, and by these presents do make constitute, and appoint and in my place and stead put and appoint Ant LeClaire, Esq. my true and lawfully atty, for me and in my place and stead, to lease improve repair or rent that tract of land known as my claim being and lying on the West side of the Mississippi river opposite Rock Island also two lots in the town of Stephenson Illinois, known as lots Nos. 1 Block 2 and Block 6 likewise two 40 acre lots described as follows towit the S. W. quarter of the N. W. quarter of Section 4 in Township No. 17 North of the base line of Range 1 West of the 4th principal meridan [sic]; also an 80 acre lot described as follows towit the W. half of the N. E. quarter of Section 4 Township 17 N. of the base line of Range 1 W. of the 4th principal meridan, to take charge of the same in my name let them unto such person or persons, and such price or prices as he may think proper, and also for me and in my name, place and stead and as my proper act and deed, do all other acts to protect the same from trespass that may in any wise by necessary also to secure the payments of rents

Given and granting unto my said Atty. by these present, my full and whole power, strength, and authority in and about the premises afd. to have, use, and take, all lawful ways and means in my name, for the purposes afd.

And generally all and every other act or acts thing or things in law whatsoever, needfully and necessary to be done in and about the premises, for me and in my name, to do, execute and perform, as fully, largely, and amply, to all intents and purposes, as I my self might or could do, If personally present, and attorneys one or more under him, for the purpose afd. to make and constitute, and again at pleasure to revoke.

³Major Lawrence Taliaferro was the Indian Agent at St. Peter's agency, adjacent to Fort Snelling. He was born in Virginia in 1794 and served as an officer in the War of 1812-15. He was appointed Indian Agent at St. Peter's in 1819 and was successively reappointed until 1840, when he resigned. In 1838 he made a belated and unsuccessful effort to secure the election as Delegate to Congress from the new Iowa territory. In 1856 he re-entered the federal service, being retired in 1863. He died in Bedford, Pennsylvania, 1871.—O. E. K.

Hereby ratifying, allowing and holding firm and effectual whatever my Atty. shall lawfully do in and about the premises by virtue hereof. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 1st day of April eighteen hundred and thirty six 1836.

J. Emerson

Att.

Signed, sealed & delivered	}
in the presence of	
Walter Philips	}
State of Illinois	
County of Rock Island	

this day personally appeared before the undersigned a Justice of the Peace in and for said County, John Emerson whose signature is to the above instrument of writing, and who acknowledged the same as his act and deed for the purposes herein specified.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto put my name & seal this 1st day of April in the year 1836—

Walter Philips N. P.

What was done with the land between 1836 and 1839 does not appear: but under date of August 26, 1839, we find the following lease:

AGREEMENT LINDSEY & EMERSON

This indenture made this 26th day of August 1839 between John Emerson of the first part and Thomas Lindsey of the second part witnesseth that the said party of the first part for & in consideration of the rent, covenants & agreements hereinafter mentioned on the part of the said party of the second part his executors, administrators & assigns to be paid, observed & performed hath granted, demised, leased, set and farm let & by these presents doth grant, demise, lease, set and to farm let unto the said party of the second part his executors, administrators & assigns the fields & buildings on the claim known as Doctor Emersons claim situated in Scott County Iowa Territory & now in the possession of sd. party of the second part to have & to hold the said fields & buildings unto the said party of the second part his executors, administrators & assigns from the 15th day of April 1839 for & during & until the full end & term of one year from the 15th day of April 1839 next ensuing & fully to be completed & ended yielding & paying therefor unto the said party of the first part his heirs or assigns the one third part of whatever crop or crops may be raised or grown on said fields during the said term as rent therefor And the said party of the second part for himself his executors administrators and assigns hereby covenants well & truly to pay deliver & yield to said party of the first part the said third part of the crop or crops raised or grown on said fields as aforesaid when ripe

& gathered & that if a permission law should be passed by the Congress of the United States he the said party of the second part will not by reason of his cultivation of said fields & evidence upon the claim aforesaid avail himself of the benefit of its provisions in any way or manner either directly or indirectly or that if he should be able & does avail himself of its provisions & obtain the title from the United States to the claim or premises above described or any part thereof that the said title thus acquired shall enure to the sole use & benefit of the said party of the first part his heirs or assigns. And the said party of the second part his executors, administrators & assigns the fields & building herein before demised at the end expiration or other sooner determination of the term hereby granted shall & will quietly & peaceably leave surrender & yield up unto the said party of the first part his heirs & In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands & seals the day & year first above written.

Test

Jas M. Bowling

Thomas Lindsay

John Emerson (Seal)

By his attorney in fact, Antoine LeClaire

Later we find Emerson writing to LeClaire about the land and its purchase from the government. Some of the letters which passed between the physician and his notable friend, showing the attachment Emerson had for his former Iowa home, and also revealing some of the problems of land settlement in Iowa's early period follow:⁴

Fort Snelling

Feb. 23rd 1839

My Dr. Friend

Permit me again to thank you for the trouble you take with my business your kind favour has reached me with the number of my claim at Rock Island I must again say to you that you are my sole dependance in getting me the title to the land when it comes into market as I fear that I will not be able to attend the land sales when it comes into market. I shall be looking for you and your lady in the spring tell Mrs. Laclere that Mrs. Emerson sends her compliments and would be much pleased to see her. You told me you would be here this summer I hope you will fulfil your promise in that respect as I assure you I would be much pleased to see you I want you to get G. Davenport to pick out my lots if possible let them adjoin each other let me have if possible a corner lot and one adjoining it however do the best you can for me. I had a letter from Thos. Lindsay about farming the place this year do what you think proper in that respect. If it should not interfere with your arrangements I would be much pleased at giving it to my old friend Tom Lindsay he has a large family and you know my par-

⁴From originals in the historical library, The Davenport Public Museum.

tiality towards them. If you act otherwise I know you do it for my good and I shall be perfectly satisfied. please remember me to my friend Burtis and Lady and tell him I feel much obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in my behalf. I hope I will yet reside among my old friends and acquaintances present my best respects to Madam Laclere also to Mr. McGregor.⁵

Sincerely your friend

J. Emerson

Mr. Ant. Laclere
Davenport

Fort Snelling,
June 6th 1839

My Dear friend

I was anxiously expecting to see you here now, but am disappointed, Major Taliafero told me he saw you and you mentioned you was coming up, it would give me much pleasure to see you, and Mrs. LaClere here, Cannot you spare a few days to make us a visit, has the persons owning land in the same township as mine, made any arrangements when the land comes into market. Mr. McKnight wrote me that the Township plat are in the Office, and the land will be sold this ensuing fall, Could you not have a meeting of the people owning claims and get them to appoint some person to bid off the land I think it would be a good plan however you know best, I have not heard from you for some time do please write to me and let me know how things come on and what is doing in Davenport, when will you send me the deed for the lots or has George chosen them we have had a dry cold spring and the worms are distroying all our vegetables, as fast as they come up. I have placed One thousand dollars in the hands of John Sanford subject to your order if you need it in purchasing my claim let me know what arrangements you intend making respecting the purchase of my claim please write as soon as convenient

Sincerely your friend

J. Emerson

Mr. A. LaClere

Fort Snelling
July 14th 1839

My dear Friend

Your kind favour of June the 15th has come safely to hand, and beg leave to state in reply to your kind suggestion respecting my personal attendance at Dubuque on the day of sale of the public lands that I have asked or rather applied to the Surgeon General at Washington, for Twenty one days leave of absence from this post for the express purpose

⁵Alexander McGregor, one of the original residents and founders of Davenport.

of attending the land sales so as to be present if possible to bid off my claim, this you will please tell the people so they may excuse me if I cannot succeed in being present, my will is to be with them, but I am much afraid that the short indulgence I have asked for will not be granted me as I am the only medical officer at this post, I have offered the Surgeon Genl. to employ a competent person at my own expense to attend to the soldiers during my absence, I must my dear friend again repeat that you are my sole dependance to bid off my claim for me and procure me the title, you have been to me, my best friend and I make free in saying you will not desert me until you get me the title to my place, you can draw on my brother-in-law John Sanford for the amount you need which I have mentioned to Mr. Sanford, I am much pleased that you let my old friend Thos. Lindsay on the place please grant the old man every facility and indulgence which you should deem necessary to help him along, he has a good wife and family whom I should be proud to assist in any way I am able. If he should need a yoke of oxen, ploughs or soforth let him have them and charge them to me, him and his boys will do me justice, for fear however that the land may not be sold this sale and a permission law might pass Congress this coming winter I think it would be the safest plan to have bonds passed that in case he Thos. Lindsay might be intitled to a permission he should prove it for my benefit, this I consider necessary so as to be out of the power of any man, so therefore get bondsdrawn and charge me with the expense; will we not see you and Mrs. Laclere here this summer it would you may rest assured afford our humble servant and madam much pleasure in seeing you here. Mr. J. Sanford wrote me, he would be here this summer, with Mrs. Choetian [sic]. Cannot you and Mrs. Laclere come in the same boat, there has been lately a sad affair between the Sioux and Chippewas, a deadly animosity has existed between both sections, the Chippewas came here about two weeks since for the purpose of seeing Major Taliaferro respecting the payment of their annuities and on leaving here a band of their people called the pilleger band, killed a Sioux half breed who resided with the Indians, within six or seven miles of the Fort and a most excellent he was man, *called Badger*, the Sioux of six or seven villages pursued the Chippewas and returned him with one hundred fifty scalps they have nearly exterminated, a band of the Chipp called in french the *Mil Lac band* all done on the public lands in the Territory of Wisconsin and within fifty miles of their Fort, the Chippewas fought bravely, the Sioux suffered severely in killed and wounded, they are expecting to be constantly attacked in this case the Chippewas were the aggressors have you and George chosen me good dry building lots I expect to put up shortly a comfortable building and settle myself among you, as a practitioner of medicine *do you think I would succeed* I am pretty well tired out in the Army, Cannot go any where without permission as I said before it is very doubtful if I will get the short indulgence I asked for and must again say that I depend on you to

get me the title to the land I shall gladly remunerate you for your trouble and expense how would it do to call a meeting of the people of the township and appoint one or two persons to bid off each man's claim suppose you propose it you have more influence than any other man in the township, I would be much pleased if such was the case, it was done at the land sales *at Chicago* it would entirely exclude speculators from bidding please write soon as it gives much pleasure [to hear?] from you when you do, say the least you will take for one of your four acres lots on the Bluff I should like owning one, if I should resign and go live in Davenport which I contemplate doing shortly, Remember me to Mrs. Laclere and Mr. & Mrs. Burtis McGregor and all my friend, I hope to be with you ere long If I should get the 21 days leave I will write to you. We have had the driest summer here I have ever known, vegetation is almost burned up for want of rain, Could you send my 50 bushels of corn I will need it very much as we have none here Thos. Lindsay would assist in having it put up, I would return the saes or bags if necessary Give Thos. Lindsay & family my best respects Please write me soon

Sincerely your friend

J. Emerson

Mr. Laclere)

)

Davenport)

Fort Snelling

Sept 17th 1839

My Dr. Friend

I reed your kind favour per Steamboat Pike and thank you most sincerely for your attention to my affairs. In consequence of the low stage of water you need not mind sending the corn If you could send it to me in the spring I would be glad, the Pike has again just landed with another deteachment of recruits from Prairie Du Chien for which she gets \$850 You and I are to be part owner of the boat. I will not I am afraid be able to attend the land sales in the spring and must request of you to do so for me. There is here upwards of 500 persons and I am the only medical offieer at the fort and consequently I will not be able to leave Please write soon remember me to madam and family

Sincerely your friend

J. Emerson

Mr. A. LaClere

Tell Thos. Lindsey to write to me.

Fort Snelling

Oct. 8th 1839

My Dr Friend

Your letter Str Desmoines [steamer] has come to hand, I feel extremely sorry for the intelligence contained in it respecting the death of my old

friend Thos. Lindsay and his son. I wish I had been near them when they were taken sick. I suppose however they had good medical attendance tell his *good* wife (for she is really an honest woman) that I regret her loss and also if I can serve her any way Do my dear friend see that their wants if any are served I shall gladly do anything in my power to serve her and his family. I hope and trust Ellen her daughter will be restored to health. I send you a pipe it is the best I could procure, but in the spring I shall have a better one for you, I want you to put my name down as a subscriber for your paper and have it sent on as regular as possible pay the subscription for 12 month and charge me with it. I want you also in case you need any assistance to employ Lawyer Mitchel to attend to the getting my claim secured. I shall pay him well for any trouble he may be at. I believe him to be an honourable man I regretted exceedingly any misunderstanding which may have taken place between him and myself. I assure you it was always unintentional on my part. I see by some of your papers which you were kind enough to send me that several township meetings have taken place to secure the claims and deputize bidding at the public sales. Cannot you get up some such. If you should send me a copy of the proceedings and the names of the persons deputized to bid for the land at the public sales, We have no news here I am pleased to hear of your getting a presumption on the old town of Davenport your town must go ahead.

Would there be any possibility of sending me 50 or 100 bushels of corn in the spring Please let me know in your next letter so that I may get it from St. Louis. I am sorry to give you so much trouble. You disappointed me in not coming up this last summer. I hope you and Lady will come up during the next year, Please remember me kindly to Mrs. LaClere and your family, also to Mr. Burtis and Lady nothing new here, we have a great many cases of fever here all brought up by the recruits from Newport, Ky. not a single death as yet altho several of them of the congestive form. I wished I had been with my old friend Thos. Lindsay, *what did he die of.* Let me know. Please write as soon as convenient.

Sincerely your friend,

Ant. LaClere Esq
Davenport

J. Emerson

P. S. I send the pipes by Major Taliafero. E.

Fort Snelling
Nov. 4th 1839

My Dr. Sir

I have just recd. a letter from Mrs. Lindsay saying some money I suppose you lent her husband for me is due the fifteenth of this month I shall be accountable to you for it and give her all the indulgence she wants to pay it and wait until she is feeling able to pay it Please give the old lady and her son all the indulgence she wants which I am certain you

will See that they have all the necessary comforts to get along with
 She's an honest woman and nothing would give me greater pleasure than
 assisting her tell her and her son that I will write to them soon

Sincerely your friend

A. LaClere Esq.

J. Emerson

I write this in great haste

Fort Snelling

March 12th 1840

My dear Sir

I have just received a letter informing me that the sale of public lands
 (and my place among the rest) is to take place at Dubuque on the 4th
 day of next May Will you my dear friend attend and purchase for me
 my claims our old friend Lt. J. Beach is in the land office, I cannot
 leave here being the only medical officer at the post. It is through your
 exertions that I hope to secure my claim you will not I know disappoint
 me I shall send you any money you stand in need of. John Sanford has
 money of mine in his hands which you can draw for at any time, If any
 person should bid against you for my place I will *not limit* you as to
 price, however I hope to be able to get it at the government price.
 Write immediately on receipt of this and let me know what the people
 whose land comes into market intend doing You mentioned in a former
 letter that you expected to be appointed one of the bidders. I hope and
 trust sincerely you may be, if you are not urge my claims on the person
 who may be appointed, I shall be uneasy until I hear from you. let me
 again beg of you to write me on receipt of this. Please excuse my im-
 portunity.

Sincerely your friend

J. Emerson

A. LaClere Esq

Davenport

I have written to Beach
 that I expect you will
 be at Dubuque.

E. - -

You need not be in a hurry in sending the corn as I fear I will be
 again ordered on to New York for examination for promotion—I will
 write to you before you send it. Emerson

Mrs. Lindsay wants to borrow from me some more money I have it
 and will let her have it but how will I be able to forward it to her—she
 wishes to enter a quarter section of the land that belonged to her son
 Can any arrangement be made to assist her—E.

I will have any money you may want ready at your command. E.

The records of old St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church
 carry the notation of Lindsay's funeral—

Thomas Lindsay—on the 15th day of September was buried, Thomas Lindsay living three miles east of Davenport; he died of Billious fever. Aged 49.

And the next entry reads—

On the 23rd of September 1839 was buried Andrew Lindsay, son of the preceding; he died of Billious fever. Age 20.

Although Dr. Emerson remained at Fort Snelling for a number of years as the sole medical officer at that post, some confusion of dates exist as to the time the army physician and his two slaves left Fort Snelling. Several references, including certain court records, indicate that Dr. Emerson left Fort Snelling in 1838. And the several court records also show that Dred Scott and Harriet went to St. Louis in 1838 on the steamboat "Gypsy," and that their elder daughter Eliza was born on the boat. However, since there are several letters from Emerson to LeClaire, written from Fort Snelling in 1839 and 1840, it seems quite clear that if Emerson went to St. Louis in 1838, he returned to his northern post. From his correspondence it also appears that Emerson was married in 1838.⁶ In a letter from Emerson to LeClaire from Fort Snelling dated February 23, 1839, quoted above, Emerson refers to Mrs. Emerson. It would seem possible, therefore, that he journeyed to St. Louis in 1838 to be married, and that upon his return to Fort Snelling he left the Scott family in St. Louis, or at Jefferson Barracks just south of that city. At any rate, Scott's second daughter, Lizzie, was born about a year later in Missouri.

The young lady John Emerson married was Eliza Irene Sanford, daughter of Alexander Sanford. She was born in Winchester, Virginia, where the Sanfords were descended from an old Virginia family. "The Sanford family were in the colony at a very early date. . . . A John Sanford went from England to the Barbadoes; in 1679 he left that island for Virginia. He evidently was a joint owner of a vessel trading between Virginia and Jamaica."⁷ The Sanfords had mov-

⁶A letter from Florence E. Birks of the Springfield Public Library, Springfield, Massachusetts, dated July 11, 1936, June 16, 1938.

⁷Letters to the writer from the Corresponding Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, dated May 13, 1937.

ed to St. Louis some time before the younger people were married. The daughter Eliza Irene "was one of seven children, five of them girls, all of whom married army officers but one," according to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* of February 12, 1903, which tells of Mrs. Emerson's death. One of the girls married Col. Harry Bainbridge of the U. S. army who figured largely in the later events of his sister-in-law's family. Another sister married General James Barnes of Springfield, Massachusetts.⁸ One son, John F. A. Sanford, married a daughter of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., of the family of one of the founders of St. Louis (Laclede and Chouteau, in 1764). Pierre Jr. is said to have been "the leading mercantile genius of St. Louis and one of the greatest in the country." His fame was rooted in the fur business up the Missouri. Fort Pierre, South Dakota, has its name from him.

Sometime after 1840 Emerson did leave Fort Snelling, being sent to Florida where the Seminole Indians were at war again. He resigned from the army September 23, 1842. Soon after his resignation he came back to Scott County. According to Richter⁹ he lived on his claim, but soon came to Davenport to practice his profession, residing at the LeClaire Hotel. In May, 1843, he ran in the several issues of the *Davenport Gazette* for that month the following card:

Dr. John Emerson offers his professional services to the citizens of Davenport and surrounding country. He may be found at present at The LeClaire House.

Beyond this paid announcement, the paper did not seem to know of his coming; but that doesn't indicate anything, as the editors of that time did not pay much attention to local news. They seemed to think that in the little communities, folks knew what had happened before the weekly paper came out: therefore they largely used the scissors and paste method of editing.¹⁰

In June of 1843 he bought of Antoine LeClaire two half lots of land (the east one-half of lot 7 and the west one-half of lot 8, LeClaire's addition): of James A. Harrison he bought

⁸Letter from Florence E. Birks, *op. cit.*

⁹August P. Richter, *The History of Davenport* (German), pp. 62ff.

¹⁰In October, 1843, two undelivered letters for Dr. Emerson were advertised by D. C. Eldridge, the postmaster.

the east one-half of lot 8, which had been sold to Harrison by LeClaire in March of that year. The west one-half of said lot 7 was conveyed to John Emerson by Calvin A. Tuttle by deed dated December 28, 1843. Tuttle had bought that half lot from LeClaire in January of that year.¹¹ These lots were on what is now the south side of East Second Street, between Perry Street and Rock Island Street (now Pershing Avenue, Davenport). Here Emerson started the erection of a brick residence for his own use which, however, he was never to occupy. As the year passed his lungs suffered the dread visitation of the germs that soon ate them out, and before the new year came he was dead. He died in the LeClaire House, December 30, 1843, according to Richter.¹² The notation in the *Gazette* of January 4, 1844, reads, "Died, on the evening of the 29th at the LeClaire House, Dr. John Emerson, M. D., aged 40 years, late surgeon in the army of the United States." Only this and nothing more!

The funeral notation entered in the records of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, is "John Emerson—on December 21, 1843, died John Emerson of consumption. Aged 41."

It will be noted that there is a difference in the dates of his death as quoted. Palpably the date given in St. Anthony's records is wrong as he transacted business on the 29th. The difference of one day in the other two citations is easily accounted for by the probable fact that he died in the night of December 29-30. The funeral under Roman Catholic auspices may confirm the family tradition of Irish parentage; on the other hand, all of this may have been because of friendship with the popular Father Pelamourgues.

He was buried in "LeClaire's Burial Ground," which was located at the northwest corner of Sixth and LeClaire Streets. J. M. D. Burrows says of this burial place, "It was a miserable place and soon abandoned. I officiated as a pall-bearer on two occasions while we buried there. The first was the burial of Judge Mitchell's father. It being early spring, we found the grave full of water, and had to wait until it was bailed out. But the water came in so fast that the coffin was nearly

¹¹Book C in the Scott County Recorder's office.

¹²Richter, *op. cit.*

covered before we could fill the grave. The other was a Dr. Emerson, who died in the LeClaire House and was the owner of the celebrated slave, Dred Scott.¹³ A Dr. Emerson!

In 1853 the burial ground was sold by LeClaire to Ann S. Barrows, the wife of Willard Barrows, the surveyor and one of Davenport's historians. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows built the residence that still stands there. At the time of their purchase, or shortly before, the bodies were removed, the protestant ones to the City Cemetery on Rockingham Road which was established for burial purposes in 1843, and the catholic ones to old St. Mary's cemetery on West Sixth Street.¹⁴ Richter says that Emerson's body was taken to the City Cemetery, which seems to dispose of the supposed Roman Catholic Church relationship. However, there are no records of any kind of the removal and reburial; and if he were finally interred in The City Cemetery, there is nothing to show his grave. No marker ever seems to have been erected at either resting place.

It will be noted that he died at the LeClaire House. The brick dwelling on East Second Street was under construction, but it was not finished for occupancy when the builder passed away.¹⁵ The home was finished and was long known as No. 219. The building of the Crane Co. now occupies the site, on which building there is a bronze tablet indicating that here is the site of the home of Dr. Emerson and of Dred Scott. Unfortunately, fate and tuberculosis did not permit Dr. Emerson to occupy the home, and Dred Scott never saw it. When the latter went from Rock Island to Fort Snelling in 1836 he passed out of the history of this region. In 1838 he went back to St. Louis or to Jefferson Barracks and stayed there the rest of his life, so far as any records go. Naturally, Emerson did not bring him into this free territory when the doctor came here to live in 1843, and according to the evidence of Dred's general worthlessness, the doctor wouldn't have much use for him anyway. There are numerous traditions current in Davenport of Dred's being there in later years and

¹³J. M. D. Burrows, *Fifty Years in Iowa; Personal Reminiscences of Davenport and Scott County, 1838, 1888.*

¹⁴Richter, *op. cit.*

¹⁵*Ibid.*

even of his death in that city; but so far as there is any evidence, that is all legend.

Dr. Emerson realized the precarious condition of his health on those December days in 1843, and he proceeded to transact such business as was necessary before he died. He accepted a deed from Calvin A. Tuttle for the west one-half of lot seven, adjacent to the property on East Second Street, which deed was dated on December 28th, and recorded on the 29th.¹⁶ He also signed a deed granting to said Calvin A. Tuttle about twenty-five acres of the southeast quarter of land in his claim up the river. This particular corner of the claim is approximately at the Iowa entrance to the bridge to Moline. And the next day he made his will, including in it a phrase that innocently created a lot of trouble. The will was filed in the Scott County Court House, where the original is preserved. The executor's bond was filed and approved March 23, 1844. There is no record of a final acceptance of the executor's report and of their discharge. The will reads in full:

I John Emerson of the County of Scott Territory of Iowa being in a very infirm state of health but of sound mind do judge it best to make & do hereby make & publish this my last will & testament

I give & bequeath to my Brother Edward P. Emerson all of my Medical Books

All the rest residue & remainder of my estate & effects real & personal whatsoever & wheresoever & of what nature & kind soever which at the time of my decease I or any person or persons in trust for me am or are possessed of or entitled to & whether my title thereto be legal or equitable I give, devise & bequeath unto my wife Eliza Irene Emerson to have & hold to my said wife & to her assigns for & during the term of her natural life without impeachment of waste & from & immediately after her decease, I give & devise the same to my daughter Henrietta Sanford Emerson & to her heirs & assigns forever.

My will is that my wife educate my said daughter & maintain & support her untill she reaches twenty one years of age—And I do hereby authorize & authorize & empower my said wife if she shall judge it expedient to sell & convey for such price as she shall deem proper in fee simple or for any less estate all or anypart of my land & tenements & the proceeds of such sale or sales or any part thereof or the interest or income thereof from time to time & in such proportions as she may judge expedient to appropriate to her own maintenance & support the education & support of my daughter as aforesaid or to invest the whole or any

¹⁶See footnote No. 11 above.

part of such proceeds in other real estate to stocks or to put the same out at interest on good security as my wife shall deem most advisable—Such real estate to stocks so purchased to be held enjoyed & pass in the same manner as the real estate hereinbefore devised—And I do hereby constitute & appoint John F. A. Sanford & George L. Davenport to be executors of this my last will & testament—In witness whereof—I have hereunto set my hand & seal this 29th day of December 1843

J. Emerson (Seal)

Signed sealed published & declared by the said John Emerson as his last will & testament in the presence of us who in his presence & at his request & in the presence of each other have hereto set our names as witnesses

G. C. R. Mitchell
J. D. Learned
P. Gregg

Inasmuch as Mitchell was an attorney; it may be assumed that he prepared the will.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Emerson returned to St. Louis with her infant daughter Henrietta, who was born November 27, 1843,¹⁷ and who was, therefore, just one month old at the time of her father's death. The real estate was turned over to Mrs. Emerson by the executors on March 3, 1848; she sold the remainder of the claim east of Davenport, the patent to which was dated November 10, 1841, and filed January 3, 1848, to Alfred Churchill for \$2400; it was afterwards long known as the Churchill farm. The subsequent history of those lots is interesting:

The two lots (7 and 8) were conveyed by Calvin C. and Eliza Irene Chaffee (Mrs. Emerson had later married Chaffee), to one James K. Mills, on August 31, 1857, which was the year of the Dred Scott decision by the United States Supreme Court. Mills and his wife in turn conveyed the two lots on September 12 of the same year, to Joseph Lambrite. Lambrite executed a mortgage to Calvin C. Chaffee, who foreclosed the mortgage in 1859, and the property went back to the Chaffees, who conveyed it to John L. Swits, November 21, 1867. On March 8, 1878, John L. Swits gave a quit claim deed to Mrs. Chaffee. Then Dr. Chaffee and Mrs. Chaffee in turn gave a quit claim

¹⁷From the notation on her tombstone in the Albany Rural Cemetery as furnished to me by Mr. T. C. Smith of the New York State Department of Education. Mr. Smith has also sent me a photostatic copy of the announcement of Mrs. King's death in the *Albany Evening Journal* of September 16, 1919.

deed to Henrietta Emerson King on January 18, 1888, by which deed it came into the hands of the daughter for whom Dr. Emerson provided in his will.

Mrs. King and her husband sold lot 7 to Young, Harford and Co., June 14, 1890; and they deeded lot 8 to Reimers & Feinald Co. August 28, 1888. Thus it appears that the property where Dr. Emerson hoped to make his home was finally sold to strangers nearly fifty years after the Doctor's death.¹⁵

For later history the significant phrase in the will of the doctor was the innocent stipulation that "all the rest residue & remainder of my estate & effects real & personal whatsoever & wheresoever" be given to Eliza Emerson in trust. By this means Dred Scott's family was also included among the assets of Dr. Emerson, although as slaves the family could not be so enumerated or held in free Iowa; but in Missouri they could be so held and were. In St. Louis, where Emerson owned 19 acres of land three miles from the city, an ancillary will was also filed.¹⁶ Since 1838, however, the Emersons had not had much to do with the Scotts. While Dr. Emerson was in Florida, Mrs. Emerson was with her family in St. Louis or Jefferson Barracks, where her brother-in-law, Col. Bainbridge, was stationed.

Bainbridge took some charge of the Scotts both during that period and later when Emerson was in Iowa and after the latter's death. He would hire either Dred or Harriet out to work, when he could for \$5.00 a month, paid to Mrs. Emerson in the later years.²⁰ Mr. Walter Hand in *This Is Vermont* says of Roswell M. Field, a native of Newfane, Vt., and the father of Eugene Field, that he gained fame "by fighting before the Supreme Court for the freedom of his negro janitor, Dred Scott." Maybe Field hired him for a while and thus became interested in him. "Scott was a shiftless no account chap," according to Hodder.²¹ "Apparently Scott was one of the most shiftless and lazy members of his race. Mrs. Emerson

¹⁸I am gratefully indebted to Mr. E. J. Carroll of Davenport for the details of this history of the property.

¹⁹A letter to the writer from Lucius H. Cannon, Librarian of the Municipal Reference Library, St. Louis, Mo., dated May 13, 1936.

²⁰Frank H. Hodder, "Some Phases of the Dred Scott Case", *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, June, 1929, XVI, No. 1.

²¹*Ibid.*

had no use for him, so she allowed him to remain as a hanger-on at the army post and to shift for himself.²²

Under such conditions Scott drifted back to his old masters, the Blow family. Taylor Blow the son of Peter Blow, found himself bothered by Scott. He did not want him. Mrs. Emerson didn't want him. Nobody wanted poor Scott. Yet, *he had been left in trust* by Dr. Emerson's will. Mrs. Emerson did not want to own slaves, but she doubted her right to emancipate the Scotts under the terms of her husband's will.²³ Consequently, in 1846, a suit was brought in the local courts to declare them free to get rid of them. Previous to the case of Dred Scott, eight similar cases had been before the Missouri court since 1820, all brought on similiar grounds of slaves taken by their masters into free territory, and then returned to slave territory; and all of them were decided in favor of the colored petitioners.²⁴ While the court of first instance decided that because Scott had been taken into and kept in free territory he had gained his freedom, the Supreme Court of Missouri reversed the decision when the case was appealed to that court in 1852. The story of the famous Dred Scott case through the courts from 1846 to March 1857, is not properly a part of this paper; suffice it to say that the United States Supreme Court sustained the decision of the Missouri Supreme Court in its famous decision of 1857, a decision that shattered the Squatter Sovereignty dream of Stephen A. Douglas and which did much towards precipitating the bloody struggle of four years later—grave consequences which grew out of the will made in a sick room in the LeClaire House in Davenport, on a cold December day in the year 1843.

While the status of Dred and his family was still unsettled, Mrs. Emerson and the little Henrietta went to Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1848, to live with her sister, Mrs. Barnes. There she met Dr. Calvin C. Chaffee, a physician, whom she married in 1850. (It was also his second marriage.) Dr.

²²A paper on Dred Scott by Emanuel O. Peden of St. Louis, Mo. (Works Progress Administration, 1936).

²³*Ibid.*

²⁴Milton, *op. cit.*; Hodder, *op. cit.* The dissenting opinion was by Justice Gamble, the Missouri Court of Appeals, March term, 1852, 15 *Missouri*, 586. Justice Gamble also refers to similar decisions in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Kentucky.

Chaffee was born in Saratoga Springs, New York in 1811; he was graduated from the Medical School of Middlebury College, in Vermont, in 1835, and afterwards practiced his profession in Springfield. He was an active abolitionist and in the 1850's a leading light in the American or "Know-Nothing" party, which party elected him to Congress in 1854 and in 1856. He served as librarian to the House of Representatives from 1859 to 1861; then practiced medicine in Washington until 1876, when he returned to Springfield, where he died August 9, 1896. When, after the decision of the Missouri Supreme Court in March, 1852, it was decided to take Dred Scott and his case into the United States Courts, Dr. Chaffee found himself in an embarrassing position. As an active abolitionist he was anxious to get a decision on the moot question which had developed; as an abolitionist he did not want his wife made the defendant in such a case. Therefore a transfer of ownership of the Scotts, or a fictitious sale, was made to Mrs. Emerson's brother, John F. A. Sanford, who appears as defendant in the U. S. Court record.²⁵ Peculiarly, his name is misspelled there, as Sandford. Another marked error in the U. S. Supreme Court record says that Scott was sold to Sanford by Emerson, who had been dead three years before the case ever started in the Missouri courts, with Mrs. Emerson as the defendant. The court records also err concerning Dred's two girls. The pleading and the decision in the record of the United States Supreme Court make out Eliza as about thirteen and Lizzie as about seven; whereas in 1857, when the decision was given Eliza was nearly nineteen and Lizzie a year or so younger. Eliza's birth north of the famous line of 36° 30' also entered into the pleading in the case.

Mrs. Emerson-Chaffee died in Springfield, February 12, 1903, at the age of 88. That would make her birth date 1814 or 1815, and her age when she married Emerson in 1838 about twenty-three years. The daughter, Henrietta Sanford Emerson, married J. Howard King, an eminent citizen of Albany, New York. The Kings had three daughters; who became respectively Mrs. E. S. J. McVickar, Mrs. Frances E. Carley, and Mrs. Oliver Perrin. The latter two were living in New

²⁵Milton, Hodder, Peden, *op. cit.*; *U. S. Supreme Court*, 15 *Law Edition*, 691ff.

York City at the time of the writer's last advices, as was Mrs. Carley's daughter, Miss Anna Carley, the great-grand daughter of Dr. John Emerson and of Irene Sanford Emerson. Mrs. King died in New York City September 15, 1919. Mr. King had died 19 years before. They are buried in The Albany Rural Cemetery.²⁶

During the time the Dred Scott case was dragging through the courts, Dred himself was the object of much care on the part of his attorneys and other interested parties, and he had cause for rejoicing.

"He was cared for in a very princely fashion, for a slave by the men who made him the famous exhibit A."²⁷ During a part of the time at least, he was in the custody of the Sheriff with the order that he be hired out for wages and that they be impounded for the benefit of the successful party.²⁸ He didn't know what it was all about, but he knew that he had become somebody; and after the famous decision of March, 1857, he was somebody more. He and his family were immediately emancipated by Sanford after the Supreme Court decision.²⁹ "Dred, or 'Old Dreadful' as he was called in St. Louis, died there at about the age of sixty years. He lived to witness the emancipation."³⁰ On the other hand, George Creel in an article in *Colliers*,³¹ says that Dred died in 1858, but he gives no authority for that statement.

Eliza and Lizzie disappeared from human ken and no one knows the ways they went.

And because Dr. Emerson felt the presence of death beside his bed as he lay in a hotel room in a little village on the fringes of civilization, he was moved to look beyond his own ebbing hours and into the future of the baby Henrietta whom he had fathered. His fainting voice dictated a will in carefully chosen words which Henrietta's mother tried to observe. And because a certain black man in St. Louis nominally was included among the assets which Mrs. Emerson was directed

²⁶See footnote 17 above.

²⁷From a letter to the writer from Mr. Charles H. Luecking of St. Louis, quoting Mr. McCune Gill, of that city, July 15, 1936.

²⁸Peden, *op. cit.*

²⁹Milton, *op. cit.*

³⁰Richter, *op. cit.*

³¹June 12, 1937.

to conserve, there are many monuments at Gettysburg and at Antietam, and Mrs. Emerson's native state was wounded and scarred by civil war. Tragedy abided unseen in that hotel room in Davenport on that December day, and then moved on in the silent way that Euripdies sensed so long ago in Athens, while the innocent author's body mouldered in an unknown grave and his name shot up into a fame that he would not have wanted.

NOTICE

All Lot jumpers are hereby notified not to remove any buildings, fences, or improvements of any kind from any Lot in the Town of Davenport, on the North & North West Fractional quarters of Section 35, Township 73, N. Range 3 East of the 5th principal Meridian, as I am determined to prosecute indiscriminately all who may trespass on said lots.

Antoine Le Claire.

Iowa Sun and Davenport & Rock Island News, Davenport, Sept. 25, 1839, *et seq.*

The organization of Davenport's Fire Company No. 1 was accepted by the town council on January 28, 1840. The ordinance governing the conduct of fire companies, adopted at that time, provided in part

"That no fire company shall exceed twenty-five in number, and that when any company shall be disbanded, or when new companies shall become necessary, volunteers may offer by enrolling themselves into a company, choosing a foreman and secretary, and reporting their names to the council, for acceptance. And all companies belonging to the fire department, and each individual composing those companies, shall be subject to the control of the town council and whole companies or individuals shall be liable to be displaced for any improper conduct, or when the public interest may require a change, and successors appointed.

Approved January 28, 1840

R. Bennett, Mayor

F. Wilson, Recorder.

Iowa Sun and Davenport & Rock Island News, Davenport, February 3, 1840.

LETTERS OF JOSEPH T. FALES

The following three letters written by Joseph T. Fales, pioneer resident of Dubuque, appeared in the *Du Buque Visitor* on October 19, November 9, 16, and December 7, 1836, and were addressed to friends still residing in his native state of Pennsylvania. The present day reader will recognize the wealth of information they contain, valuable to any one contemplating emigrating to the west in that pioneer period. The editor of the *Vistor* was more than glad of the opportunity of publishing these letters, because, he said, "the press of business" incident to the establishment of the first newspaper in Iowa had not allowed him time to answer the many inquiries he had received regarding the nature and the advantages of the village of Du Buque.

The writer, Joseph T. Fales, was a prominent figure in the Democratic political circles of his day, both in the city of Dubuque, and in the territory and state at large. He was at one time an Alderman of his city, and for several sessions, beginning with the first territorial assembly, he was Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, being so regular in his position that one of the representatives, Laurel Summers, thought that a House of Representatives without Joseph T. Fales would be a barren looking affair indeed. Fales was also the first Auditor of State that Iowa had upon the establishment of state government, serving two terms from 1846-50. By that time he had removed to Linn County.

LETTER NO. I

(*Du Buque Vistor* November 16, 1836)

Du Buque, (W. T.) Sept. 1836

Dear Friends: According to a promise I made when I left you in Philadelphia last spring, I shall now attempt to give you some account of my journey to this place, and a feeble description of the far west; but a person sees so many things here in nature, of the sublime and beautiful, that he is lost in wonder and admiration.

My journey as far as Pittsburg, I shall not particularize, as it has been described so often, that it is quite familiar to the people in your good "city of brotherly love."

On the 6th of May, I took passage on a new boat, bound for St. Louis, this being her first trip, it was feared by many of her passengers, that she would not work very smoothly; but in this they were agreeably disappointed, she moved off in fine style, and pursued her way down the Ohio with little or no interruption. . . . On this noble river a person can perceive something of the rapid growth of our happy republic, if so blind that he has not observed it in the older states. A passenger observed, that towns seemed to spring up by magic; if a person traveled the river a few times, at only short intervals, he would find many towns that had grown up during his absence.

Our progress up the Mississippi was not quite so rapid, as we had to contend with the current of this "father of rivers," being then at its highest stage, overflowing all its banks. On the night of the 14th we arrived at St. Louis, and next morning took passage on the good boat Missouri Fulton, bound for this place, where we arrived on the 22d, being just three weeks from the time I left you; this is considered a quick passage. I suppose you will want to know something about our fare on the boats. Of this, I cannot speak in very flattering terms, when it is considered we had from 150 to 200 passengers, you will acknowledge we were crowded, and crowded we were to some purpose, and the weather excessively warm, you must know I took a deck passage. At this you may be surprised, but a deck passage on the western boats is not what you consider it to be at the east. The deck is enclosed from the weather, and births [sic] put up, on which the passengers put their own bedding, and a large stove is free to all to prepare their victuals. In this way, a person that lays in a stock of provisions at Pittsburgh, can travel very comfortable, at about half the expense of a cabin passage; it cost me \$35 dollars all the way through from Philadelphia to Du Buque. You know my destination was Galena, but I found that place so full, I could not get lodging or accommodation of any kind, and the streets so muddy, that I became disgusted with the place at

first sight, but with a better acquaintance I might like it more.

Du Buque stands upon the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite the north-west corner of the state of Illinois; it derives its name from a Frenchman, who lived and traded amongst the Indians, won their confidence, conciliated their affections, and was made a chief amongst them. He died in 1810, and was buried on the bluff a few miles below where the town now stands. Du Buque was first settled by whites, in June 1833, being the earliest period that they were allowed by government to come on this side of the river, after the Black-Hawk war, though they made many excursions contrary to law, previous to that time; but no buildings were erected, so that the town is but three years and four months old, yet you would be astonished to see the march of improvement in so short a space of time, where but a few short years ago, was the Indian wigwam and hunting ground, now may be seen on every hand, the fruits of civilization.

Du Buque, at this time, is thought to contain a population of 1200 souls, and amongst them are some of the most intelligent men I ever met with; though this, I believe, is a peculiar characteristic of all western people, which I cannot account for in any other way than, that all who travel are men of enterprise and in so new a country, all have been travelers. Some hundreds of houses have been erected, without much regard to comfort or convenience, but only for a temporary residence—but for this reason, a spirit of improvement is abroad. The catholics have nearly completed a large stone church; the Presbyterians are now erecting a commodious stone house; a large hotel is to be erected this fall by a company formed for the purpose, at a cost of about \$12,000, and many spacious and elegant private houses are being erected.

The town stands on elevated ground, a beautiful and commanding situation, with streets running at right angles 64 feet wide and 256 feet apart. Great exertions are being made by the citizens to have the seat of government located here, in fact it is the most eligible situation in the territory, being the centre of population, and the most geographical centre that can be obtained, that is any way suitable for the purpose.

The first legislature is to be chosen this fall, who have to

locate the seat of government, and enact a code of laws for the future government of the people of Wisconsin. I feel much interested in the approaching canvas, as I am already a citizen, and have the privilege of exercising the elective franchise, as all naturalized males above 21 years, residents of the territory on the 4th of July last, are allowed that privilege.

The legislation of two, and possibly three states will receive their coloring from the action of the first legislature of Wisconsin, as the territory is said to be as large as the thirteen original states, consequently other states will soon be created within our present boundaries, therefore millions upon millions of human beings are soon to act their part on this vast domain. You desire to know something in regard to the mining business. Of this I cannot write from experience, as I have not 'prospected' any yet. The mineral is found imbedded in the bluffs, which are about three hundred feet above the level of the river. Holes are sunk in the ground similar to the digging of wells, and the rocks and dirt, drawn up by a windlass and rope, sometimes the miner meets with the solid rock, which he has to remove by blasting 20 or 30 feet, and mineral is found in the crevices of rocks at various distances from the surface, I believe, down to one hundred feet; it then runs in veins principally east and west, which is followed up by drifting, as the miners term it, under ground 80 or 100 feet more. Those that are so fortunate as to strike a good lead, (pronounced leed) can raise several hundred dollars worth per week, whilst others have dug many months and found nothing. The great secret appears to be in getting over a crevice. The mineral is in large masses, or lumps; I have seen some that weighed above 300 lbs. The price now is 25 dollars per 1000 lbs. and taken away by the smelters, who run it into moulds, and sell for about 5 dollars per 100 lbs. This place has gained its importance from the lead business—most of the people here have been engaged in it previous to this season; but many have now turned their attention to farming. This is the best soil for that purpose I ever saw. Produce is now very high, in consequence of every thing being brought from St. Louis and that vicinity. Groceries and dry goods are nearly double the Philadelphia prices, but wages are also high,

so that one will regulate the other. Masons get \$2 50 and \$3 00 per day, carpenters \$2 00 and \$2 50, laboring men \$1 50. The best business, or the surest one in this country, I think is that of farming. It is only necessary for you to go out a few miles from town and make a selection of the best of land the sun ever shone upon for your farm, build your house, and make your fence, plough your ground, and live unmolested, as it regards payment, for perhaps 2 or 3 years; then you will have a farm of 160 acres, worth several thousand dollars, for which you will have to pay but \$200. Horses are very little used, except under the saddle. Most of the work is done by oxen, which are noble looking animals, fully as large and fat as some of the show beef in the east. But I find I am rambling to an extent I did not intend in this letter, I must reserve something for another time.

Yours &c
J. T. F.

LETTER NO. II

(*Du Buque Vistor*, October 19, November 9, 1836)

Du Buque, 15th Oct. 1836

Dear Sir—Yours of the 8th ult. was duly received: I embrace the first leisure moment to answer your inquiries. Du Buque, the largest and most thriving town in the new Territory of Wisconsin, is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, 1700 miles from the sea, or Gulf of Mexico, near 1600 miles from New Orleans, and 400 above St. Louis. It is in latitude $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north and longitude 14° west from Washington. It is a little north of Boston, though the climate is colder here than in the same parallel in the eastern states. It is built upon a sandy prairie, which extends along the river about two miles, and averages about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in width. The ascent is gradual from the margin of the river to the bluff, which arises abruptly and almost perpendicularly on the west of the town, to the highth [sic] of 200 feet, but gradually falls off as it extends northwardly, into gentle undulations. The river from the bluff is most enchanting: the eye rests upon it with untiring

delight. On the west is a wide extended rolling prairie, carpeted with green and enamelled with flowers, interspersed with groves of timber. On the south, the river can be seen rolling its vast tide studded with islands and enlivened by steam boats; on the north, an extended champaign country stretching as far as the sight can reach. Immediately opposite the town, several islands forming a kind of chain obstruct the navigation; a portion of the Mississippi passing between these islands and the main land called by the inhabitants the slough, (slue) forms a channel through which steam boats come to the town. This slough is navigable the greater part of the year, to the northern extremity of the town, but at a low stage of water, boats unload at the south end. It is about three years since the Indian wigwam gave place to the American cabin. The village now contains 1300 inhabitants, three churches, fifty stores and groceries, supplied with almost every article of necessity or comfort; boarding houses, work shops, &c. &c. We have not enough taverns and houses of entertainment for the accommodation of those who visit us. A company was formed this summer for the purpose of erecting a large hotel. There have been 55 dwelling houses and one ware house built and being erected this year. There are four principal streets and seven cross streets.

The average price of flour for the last two years has been \$8 per bbl., at present it is higher; mess pork \$25 to \$30 per bbl., prime \$18 to \$22, army \$23; beef 6 to 7 cents per lb. This article we have of the finest quality, inferior to none. Corn 87½ to \$1.25 per bushel; oats 75 cts. to \$1; potatoes 50 cts. to \$1; butter from 25 to 50 cents per lb; eggs 25 to 75 cents per dozen. Provisions of all kinds have usually commanded the highest prices, because the farming interest has not kept pace with the mining operations. At first all who came to the country engaged in digging for lead ore, and until the present year there were but few agriculturists; it will be several years yet before enough will be raised for home consumption, and if emigration increases proportionately, it will be still longer. Building materials are scarce and high; this will be remedied as soon as more mills are put in operation—we have timber enough on the river, but the demand

hitherto, has exceeded the supply. Pine boards of an inferior quality sell at \$30 per thousand feet, oak, \$20;—brick, \$10 per thousand; shingles \$6 per thousand. Clay in this vicinity is pronounced to be of the very finest quality for brick making, and no doubt it will supercede any other material for building. Stone is very abundant, but of medium quality—the bluffs abound with it, and it may be said to be at our very door. It is quarried from the bluff and precipitated down its steep, from whence it is removed by a short caraiage [sic] to any part of the town. Lime is plenty and cheap, in proportion to other things. Wages are good—mechanics have from 2 to \$3 per day—laborers \$1 25 to \$1 50, or when employed by the month, from \$20 to \$40. There are few mechanics who work as journeymen, all undertake, as most of the buildings now are small.

[The letter was continued in the November 9th issue of the *Du Buque Visitor*. This portion was largely composed of extensive quotations from Lt. Albert Miller Lea's *Notes on Wisconsin Territory and a Map*. The concluding paragraph of the letter, following the quotations from Lea, is given below.]

Some idea of the mining operations in the neighborhood of Du Buque may be formed from the fact that there are five blast furnaces that smelt seventy pigs each per week; one blast belonging to Mr. Hulett that smelts 70,000 lbs. per week; a cupola furnace of Mr. McKnight's that smelts 70,000 lbs. per week—another belonging to Mr. Lorimier of Rip Row that smelts 60,000 per week, and several log furnaces that melts 70 pigs of 70 lbs. each. Mr. O'Ferrall's furnace is 70 feet by 33 has lately gone into operation, and smelts 100,000 lbs. per week. For the supply of the miners, and indeed of almost the whole population, we have been dependent for almost everything upon the low country, and it will be long ere the competition in farming can render this country otherwise than exceedingly profitable to the agriculturist. We have five saw mills and two grists in our neighborhood, but the demand is greater than can be supplied.

[Here the letter ends, though no signature is appended. This letter was the first of the three published, though the second written.]

LETTER NO. III

(*Du Buque Visitor*, December 7, 1836)

Du Buque, November 16, 1836

Dear Friends I will now proceed to give you a further description of this vast and important country, or attempt to do so, in my feeble manner. You are well aware, that I am out of my element, writing being a new business to me, therefore you can account for the blundering way in which these letters are put together.

In the first place, I intend to say a few words to the ladies, or more particularly, to those who are holding on in the "state of single blessedness." If they wish to change for "better or for worse," let them wend their way to the west side of the Mississippi, and they will not be disappointed in getting a husband at the shortest notice. Men are as numerous here as black berries in summer, but females are quite scarce—this fact is quite observable in the houses of public worship, where there are five males in attendance to one female. In this country, females receive from 16 to 24 dollars per month for house work, and are hard to be got at that price. If some hundreds of the fair sex in the old states could be induced to come this way, they would soon have an opportunity to make a change, no doubt to their entire satisfaction.

There is a great deficiency here in many of the mechanic branches, some of which I will just enumerate—cabinet makers, chair makers, brick makers, and brick layers, shoe-makers, tinsmiths, tinner and curriers, soap and candle makers, potters, weavers, wheel-wrights, coopers, &c, all of which could find constant and profitable employment.

I will also give you, as near as possible, the prices of articles manufactured by the above mechanics, as I know them to exist, and if I have given what you would consider very high prices, it is not to deter persons from coming here, but on the contrary to show to mechanics and the laboring classes generally in the

east what they can obtain for their work in this most interesting of all lands, the new Wisconsin Territory. Low-post bedsteads cost \$10, walnut breakfast tables the same. Windsor chairs \$9 the half dozen, and other furniture in proportion; bricks \$10 per 1000, laying the same \$3; soap $12\frac{1}{2}$ cts to $16\frac{2}{3}$ per lb.; dipt candles $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents, whilst tallow cost but $6\frac{1}{4}$ cts. per lb.; common sized tubs \$2, buckets 75 cents; open wagons from \$90 to \$100, wheelbarrows \$12.

Rents are high at present, but this is owing to the rapid and almost unparalleled increase of population, far outstripping the means to erect buildings heretofore. At this time several saw mills are in successful operation and many others being erected, also several grist mills.

A very comfortable log house can be put up for about \$150, which will suit very well for a temporary residence, or until a man with a small capital is enabled to put up a more costly and handsome dwelling.

Since I penned my last letter, the first territorial election has been held, one delegate to Congress was elected, also thirteen councilmen, and twenty-six representatives to compose the legislative assembly of Wisconsin, which is now in session.

Some idea may be formed of the prosperity of the place from the fact that 621 votes were polled in this town alone, and near 1000 in the county. Decency and good order prevailed to a greater degree than it has been my lot to witness in other places for several years back. There was no tumult or party strife to exasperate and excite the feelings, but every voter was allowed free access to the polls, and all passed off in the utmost harmony.

The season for game has just passed, some kinds of which have been in great abundance, consisting of deer, wild geese, and ducks, pheasants and prairie fowls, the latter is the most delicious of the feathered tribe. I had heard much, previous to my coming here, of the coldness of the climate, the long and dreary winters, but up to this time, (the middle of November), with the exception of four or five days, the weather has been the most pleasant and agreeable, and no colder than is usual in Pennsylvania, at the same season. There is very little

snow falls, and the winters are generally dry and healthy, and business continues unabated, except upon the rivers, which are obstructed by ice about three months. We have one drawback upon the general convenience of our town. Either from the difficulty in digging wells, or the supineness of the inhabitants on the subject, there have been but three or four wells dug, so that most of the water used is taken from the Mississippi and served round by Wm. Miller, a young Philadelphian, and a profitable business he makes of it.

Now, once for all, I give my advice to persons in the eastern states, who are toiling from year to year and saving nothing, to bend their course to the west as soon as possible, and they will find a change for the better very shortly. If they come with a disposition to be pleased, and not with a fault-finding spirit, make up their minds to be satisfied with things as they find them, and turn their hands to any thing that offers, they could not be prevailed upon to exchange for their former situations. All that come so disposed, will find a hearty welcome from the citizens, and every encouragement will be given to make them happy and contented.

Yours, &c.

J. T. F.

PUBLIC MEETING

A meeting of the citizens of Du Buque county, will be held at Harrison's Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, to consult and adopt measures for the disposition of a sum of money left in the hands of a citizen of this place, as belonging to a man arrested for passing counterfeit money, as security for his appearance and he having failed to appear, the money is forfeited. A general attendance is requested.

Dr Buque

Dubuque Visitor, June 1, 1836.

In 1836 there were 350 lives lost by steamboat accidents, in 1837, about 700, and the number thus far in 1838 falls little short of 1000.

Albany Jeffersonium, Albany, New York, July 21, 1838.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

CELEBRATING THE TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL

During the past spring and summer the department has co-operated with the Iowa Territorial Centennial Commission in the state-wide celebration and observance of the one hundredth year of Iowa's creation as a territory. The culmination of those celebrations, held in some fifty-one communities in the state, was the Iowa State Fair, which was designated the Iowa Territorial Centennial State Fair in honor of the occasion. The board of directors of the state fair and its able secretary, Mr. A. R. Corey, are to be congratulated upon the excellent celebration they offered to the people of Iowa. The success of this year's centennial augurs well for the one to follow, the centennial of Iowa's admission into the Union in 1846, to be celebrated eight years from this date.

Among the several exhibitions which formed a part of the territorial celebration at the state fair and which are deserving of special commendation, the officers of the fair board and the members of the Iowa Women's Clubs who undertook and carried through the exhibition of period rooms are to be especially congratulated upon having produced through the medium of these rooms what will be remembered as probably the greatest educational exhibit yet placed on the state fair grounds, from the historical point of view. The difficulties encountered in securing appropriate articles for these rooms, and the problem of selecting from the wealth of material collected, were indeed great. The editor regrets that he does not supply the list of names of these women who participated in making these exhibits, in order that he might accord to each her due meed of praise for the splendid work which was accomplished.

In co-operating with the state fair board and the territorial commission, the department loaned various types of materials for the special exhibitions displayed at the fair. Noteworthy among these loans were the gowns worn by Mrs. George

Clarke at the inaugural of her husband as governor of the state in 1912, and by Mrs. William Larabee at the inauguration of her husband as governor of Iowa in 1888. These formed a part of the exhibition of period dresses which received so much favorable attention from visitors at the fair. The department's splendid Conestoga wagon, its old steam locomobile—the first steam automobile owned west of the Mississippi—an old high wheeled bicycle, and its famous Red River cart were loaned to form a part of the excellent transportation exhibit in the special centennial tent at the fair grounds.

In addition to contributing to several of the historical exhibits at the fair grounds, special exhibits were arranged during the state fair week in the department building as well. Notable among these was the special arrangement in the Portrait Gallery of oil paintings of Iowa territorial leaders: Iowa's three territorial governors, Robert Lucas, John Chambers, James Clarke; two of her three judges on the territorial supreme court, Chief Justice Charles Mason and Justice Joseph Williams; also the portraits of the first governor of the state of Iowa, Ansel Briggs, and the first two United States Senators from Iowa, A. C. Dodge and George Wallace Jones.

Another exhibit of unusual merit was the display of paper money which circulated in Iowa during the territorial period and for some time thereafter. This display of the best single collection of Iowa currency in the state was made possible through the courtesy of Mr. Walter Rosene of Ogden, Iowa. In this exhibition were specimens of the notes issued by the first bank authorized to do business in Iowa, the Miners Bank of Du Buque; some of these notes were issued when the area west of the Mississippi was still a part of Wisconsin territory. One note was that rare item, a note issued by the Miners Bank of Du Buque after the territory of Iowa had been created.

Other special exhibits during this week were the display of dresses on the second floor, three of which came from the collection of dresses worn by Mrs. Josephine Mason Remey, who was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1845, the daughter of Chief Justice Charles Mason. She married George Collier Remey, who was also born in Burlington, and who later entered An-

napolis; following his graduation he rose to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Navy, the first man born west of the Mississippi to achieve that rank. In addition to these dresses of Mrs. Remey, two of a later period were exhibited in this display by Mrs. Louis B. Schmidt of Ames. Other exhibits commemorating Iowa's one hundredth year were the exhibition of dolls and needle work of the early days, and, on the third floor, the display of certain select documents from the public archives, relating to the government of the Territory of Iowa.

The museum arranged a special exhibit of birds showing those species that were common to Iowa in the territorial days, but which are now rare or extinct. These included wild turkey, several species of duck, passenger pigeons (now completely extinct), and the upland plover.

The attendance at the building during the state fair week was somewhat larger than a year ago, achieving a grand total of 18,000 people.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

A number of gifts have been received by the department in the last several months which will interest friends and visitors to the department:

A flag with thirteen stars was donated by Miss Mildred Clark of Saint Louis, Missouri. It had formerly been the property of her grandfather, Captain Benjamin Clark, who had brought the flag from his New York home to Buffalo, Iowa, in the spring of 1833. It had been in the Clark family prior to that time, having served as a company flag in the war of 1812-15.

From the trustees of the J. G. Edmundson estate, Des Moines, the department has received Mr. Edmundson's brougham carriage, which was manufactured in the early '90's at a cost of approximately \$850.00. The carriage is in excellent condition and makes a very valuable addition to the transportation exhibits in the basement of the building.

A side saddle, a large copper kettle and a stirrer was received from Harry C. Brewer of Adel; several spurs of chased

silver, including bits for riding bridles, were received from F. C. Hubbell of Des Moines.

A trundle bed of solid walnut, made in approximately 1858, and a stirring plow (a one-horse plow), with an eight inch bottom was received from Miss Ida Hamilton of Indianola. The plow was brought from Ohio by Miss Hamilton's grandfather who settled in Henry County, Iowa, in 1850.

A baby buggy of 1876 and two baby dresses of the same period were donated by Miss Grace Harsh of Creston.

While the department has several grain cradles, it has not heretofore possessed the wooden rake used to rake the bundles after the grain had been cut by the cradle. After extensive search such a rake was finally located; it was generously donated to the department by Worth A. Roebuck of Knoxville.

Another fine addition to the collection of agricultural implements possessed by the department is a check row corn planter, the second series manufactured by the Brown Manufacturing Company. It was donated by John Flynn of Decatur County. It has been in active use for more than forty years, and is still in good usable condition. Visitors to the department should compare this planter with the still earlier wooden wheeled planter already on display with the other agricultural implements in the basement of the building.

Those who visited the exhibit of the International Harvester Company's machinery in their building at the state fair grounds this year will recall the exhibit of the replica of the first reaper made by Cyrus McCormick. This entire exhibit, including the cardboard horse and scenic background, has been donated to this department by the International Harvester Company, who have consented to store it for the department until next May, by which time we hope to have enough space to exhibit this splendid item.

A set of carpenter tools such as were used by carpenters before millwork came into general use was donated by Mrs. Howes of Indianola, and may be seen in the Pioneer Room, second floor. A complete set of glass blowing tools was received from Joseph Slight of Columbus, Ohio.

Judge George Bedford of Morris, Illinois, presented to the Curator ninety specimens of the famous Mazon Creek coal

fossils. These show the pinnules from the leaflets of the giant tree ferns which grew in abundance near the present site of Morris, Illinois. They are now rare. The Curator in turn presented these to the museum. Additional fossils of coal plants of a later period, found near Pella, were presented by Charles Baker of Audubon.

From the daughters of John J. Freeman, Miss Eleanor M. Freeman and Mrs. Winona F. Andrew, the department received the collection of Indian relics belonging to their father. This collection included many specimens of arrowheads, axes, and celts (stones used for scraping skins, etc.), found in Warren, Polk, Dallas, and Guthrie counties.

The famous collection of bird paintings made from life by Miss Althea Sherman of National, Iowa, were also presented to the department, together with a number of other paintings. These will be noticed at greater length in a later issue of the *Annals*.

Through the courtesy of Hon. C. C. Dowell, congressman from the sixth district, the department has received a map of the United States issued by the Department of Interior in 1927. This map is valuable because it shows the townships in the land surveys, as well as many other items which would appear on such a map.

Another fine addition to the map collection of the department was the recent acquisition of G. W. Boyington's map of the Iowa region, 1838, before it had become the Territory of Iowa. This rare map, in excellent condition, shows the counties of the "Iowa District" as created by the act of the First Assembly of the Territory of Wisconsin at its Belmont session. Not alone because of its early date, the inaccuracies as well as the accurate representations on this map make it interesting to the student of Iowa history.

A new Testament, in excellent condition and published in 1837, which was carried for awhile in the Civil War by Benjamin Bilbo of Union County, was donated by his sister, Mrs. Barber of Afton. Other Civil War relics added were the dress sword worn by Lieutenant Holmes, formerly of Davenport, presented by Mrs. F. O. Green; the Civil War sash worn by Nicholas Clair, First Lieutenant, Co. I, 22nd Iowa Volunteers.

was also received, from his daughter, Edith Messenger, San Antonio, Texas. Lt. Clair served, while wearing this sash, as messenger for staff officers in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and in an assault on Vicksburg, where he was wounded and captured. Later he served with General Sheridan in the battles of Winchester, Fisher Hill, and Cedar Creek.

Walter Butler, Esq. the gentleman who is engaged in building the house for the reception of the next Legislature, has it under cover and enclosed, (in which the Court is now setting) and is in a progressing state of completion. The building is large and commodious, and it will be finished long before the Legislature meets. *Iowa City Standard*, Iowa City, June 3, 1841.

LOAN TO IOWA. We learn, says the Gazette, that Col [Jesse] Williams, the Territorial Agent, has obtained a loan of \$5,000 for the Territory from the Miner's Bank of Dubuque, at an interest of seven per cent, per annum, payable in New York in 18 months. A loan could not possibly have been obtained on better terms. This will enable the Territory to go on with the improvements of the Capitol.
Iowa City Standard, Iowa City, Iowa, July 30, 1841.

Fearing from the exposed condition of the basement of the Capitol, that accidents might happen from fire, I had it enclosed. I have also had a door put in the East front of the Capitol; but for the want of funds and proper materials, nothing further has been effected in the completion of the capitol.

(Signed) Morgan Reno

Territorial Treasurer

From the last paragraph of the Treasurer's Annual Report, December 10, 1845, in the Public Archives division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Dept.

NOTABLE DEATHS

CLYDE E. BRENTON, banker and real estate operator, died in Des Moines, September 19, 1938. He was born on a farm near Dallas Center, Iowa, April 20, 1868, the son of W. H. Brenton, farmer, stockman, and banker. For fifty-three years Clyde Brenton followed the latter career with eminent success, first entering the banking business at the age of seventeen when he was but a janitor in his father's bank in Dallas Center. Three years later he became cashier of the bank and directed its operations. After the death of his father, he and his brother Charles expanded their banking interests with the opening of banks in Dana, Waukee, Granger, Woodward, and Dallas Center, also engaged in extensive real estate operations in Dallas County as well. The later years of his career, however, were more intimately connected with the banking history of Des Moines institutions, though he retained his interests in many of the other smaller banks. In 1915 he became associated with the Citizens National Bank of Des Moines as vice president, and when this bank consolidated with the Iowa National in 1917 he became vice president of the enlarged bank. In the following year he again expanded his interest in banks outside Des Moines, this time with banks opening in Jefferson, Grinnell, Van Meter, and the purchase of interest in the First National Bank of Perry. In 1930 when the Iowa National Bank merged with the Des Moines National, as the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank, Mr. Brenton became its president. Several years later he retired from the presidency to become chairman of the board, which position he held at the time of his death. In addition to his banking interests, Mr. Brenton continued to own and manage considerable real estate properties, principally farm holdings. At the time of his death, in addition to being chairman of the board of the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank, he was president of the Jefferson State Bank, Jefferson, Iowa, the Poweshiek County National Bank, Grinnell, and the Dallas County State Bank, Adel. He was also a director of the Brenton State Bank, Dallas Center. In addition he was a director of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, president of the Brenton Brothers, Inc., a realty holding company. A member of the Republican party, he was a Mason, and a member of the Central Presbyterian Church of Des Moines.

LOUIS LASHER, former Adjutant General of the State of Iowa, died in Des Moines, August 12, 1938. He was born in Davenport March 17, 1873 of Swiss and Welsh parentage. He was educated in the public schools of Davenport, Kemper Hall, and in the Griswold Business College. Shortly after entering the business field he was transferred to Alleghaney, Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the Spanish American War, however, he rejoined Company B, 50th Iowa Infantry, and from May to November 30, 1898, he was with the company in Des Moines

and Jacksonville, Florida. On January 5, 1899, he began a three year period of service with the 12th United States Infantry, serving until January 4, 1902. Re-entering the field of business, he returned to Davenport, where in 1905 he organized the Lasher Manufacturing Company. The following year, together with his father and brother, he began the management of the C. O. D. cleaning establishment, of which he became president in 1910. On July 20, 1918, he was appointed assistant Adjutant General of the State of Iowa. The first of September following, he was appointed Brigadier General and Adjutant General of Iowa, succeeding in the latter position Adjutant Logan who had died. Louis Lasher continued as Adjutant General until July 3, 1927, being succeeded by W. H. Bailey. At the time of his death he had been an examiner for the State Commerce Commission for eight years.

ALFONSA LUDWIG HAGEBOECK, physician, died in Davenport, July 28, 1938. He was born in Davenport on March 14, 1867, the son of Gustave and Anna (Hitzeman) Hageboeck. He was educated in the Davenport High School, from which he was graduated in 1883, after which he taught school over a period of four years before entering the medical school of the State University of Iowa, from which he was graduated in 1889. Following the completion of his medical work in the Iowa institution, he spent two years, 1889-90, studying surgery in the medical centers of Vienna, Paris, and London, recognized then as leading centers in that field of medical practice. Over a period of more than ten years Dr. Hageboeck continued to spend some part of each year abroad, customarily three months, attending the surgical clinics of Paris, Munich, Berlin, or London. In 1907-08 he spent two years in Paris in the post-graduate study of recent developments in surgery. During one of his several periods spent in Paris he did work under the famous Louis Pasteur. His active professional career was spent in Davenport, where he organized a surgical clinic in 1909, following his return from Paris. He continued in active association with the work of the clinic up to the day of his death.

Dr. Hageboeck was a former president of the board of trustees of the Mercy Hospital, of Davenport, and was a past president of the Scott Medical Society. He had other interests as well as medicine, being for thirteen years the president of the board of trustees of the Davenport Municipal Art Galleries, the first municipally owned art galleries in the United States. He was a director of the Davenport Locomotive Works, and also actively interested in real estate. The fast changes of society is hinted in the statement that Dr. Hageboeck owned the first automobile in Davenport. He was a Mason, a member of the Republican party, and a member of the Lutheran Church.

CHARLES W. HUNT, farm leader and former Federal Trades Commissioner, died in Washington, D. C. August 16, 1938. He was born in Harrison County, Iowa, January 2, 1864, the son of Jason Z. and Mary M. Hunt, who came to Jefferson Township, Harrison County, as pioneers from New York state in 1850. Charles Hunt was educated in the district school, Logan High School, and in Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames, Iowa, from which he was graduated in 1888. After graduation he returned to Harrison County to engage in farming. Active in the civic affairs of Logan, as township assessor, township trustee, and member of the school board for twenty years, he was elected on the Republican ticket to represent Harrison County in the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth General Assemblies of the state, 1911-15. Interested also in the early farm movements of the present century, he was instrumental in the establishment of the Logan Short Course for general instruction to actual farmers of new developments in agricultural methods. He was the first secretary of the Harrison County Farm Bureau when it was organized in 1919. In 1920 he became president of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, holding that office until 1923, when he resigned to become secretary of the Federation after the resignation of E. H. Cunningham from that position upon his appointment to the Federal Reserve Board. In 1924 he was appointed to fill out an uncompleted term on the Federal Trades Commission; the following year he was appointed to serve the full seven year term. He continued to live in Washington after the termination of his federal service up to his death.

HUGH G. VAN PELT, nationally known dairyman and stock raiser, died in Waterloo, August 22, 1938. He was born November 19, 1880, in Exira, Iowa. After receiving his early education in the schools of Exira, he attended Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. From 1906-09 he was Professor of Animal Husbandry and the manager of the college dairy farm at Iowa State College. It was while still serving on the faculty of the Iowa State College that he was drafted to help organize the movement to educate Iowa stock raisers and farmers how to better care for their stock, a movement financed by an act passed in the state legislature of 1909. This activity led him to take an active interest in the possibilities of the Waterloo Dairy Cattle Congress, which he served as general manager the first several years of its organization, until 1916. He was also the editor of *Kimball's Dairy Farmer* for a number of years, prior to its merger with *Successful Farming*, published in Des Moines. Nationally known among purebred cattle raisers, he was frequently called to all parts of the country to participate in the judging of stock exhibited in fairs and shows. He was a former director of the American Jersey Cattle club. In recent years he maintained a purebred stock farm near Waterloo, which he managed at the time of his death.

